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THE INDIAN SCOUT.

BY GUSTAVE AIMARD.

CHAPTER I.

THE SURPRISE.

It was towards the end of May, 18—, in one of the least visited parts of the immense prairies of the Far West, and at a short distance from the Rio Colorado del Norte, which the Indian tribes of those districts call, in their language so full of imagery, "The endless river with the golden waves."

It was night. The moon, which had proceeded two-thirds of its course, displayed between the lofty branches of the trees her pallid face; and the scanty rays of vacillating light scarce brought out the outlines of the abrupt and stern scenery. A silence of death brooded over the desert—a silence only interrupted, at long intervals, by the sharp barking of the coyotes in search of prey, or the savage miaulings of the panthers and jaguars at the watering-place.

During the darkness, the great American savannahs, on which no human sound troubles the majesty of night, assume, beneath the eye of Heaven, an imposing majesty, which unconsciously affects the heart of the strongest man, and imbues him involuntarily with a feeling of religious respect.

All at once the closely growing branches of a floripondio were cautiously parted, and in the space thus left appeared the anxious head of a man, whose eyes, flashing like those of a wild beast, darted restless glances in every direction. After few seconds of perfect immobility, the man of whom we speak left the clump of trees in the midst of which he was concealed, and leaped out on the plain.

Although his bronzed complexion had assumed almost a brick color, still, from his hunting garb, and, above all, the light color of his long hair, and his bold, frank, and sharply-marked features, it was easy to recognize in this man one of those daring Canadian wood-rangers, whose bold race is daily expiring, and will probably disappear ere long.

He walked a few paces, with the barrel of his rifle thrust forward, and his finger on the trigger, minutely inspecting the thickets and numberless bushes that surrounded him; then, probably reassured by the silence and solitude that continued to prevail around, he stopped, rested the butt of his rifle on the ground, bent forward, and imitated with rare perfection, the song of the centzontle, the American nightingale.

Scarce had the last modulation of this song, which was gentle as a love sigh, died away in the air, when a second person bounded forward from the same shrub which had already offered passage to the hunter. It was an Indian; he stationed himself by the Canadian's side, and, after a few seconds' silence, said, affecting a tranquillity probably not responded to by his heart—

"Well?"

"All is calm," the hunter answered. "The *Chitwatl* can come."

The Indian shook his head.

"Since the rising of the moon, Mahchai Karehde has been separated from Eglantine; he knows not where she is at this moment."

A kindly smile played round the hunter's lips.

MAJOR-GENERAL GEORGE B. McCLELLAN.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1861, by Wm. E. Lockwood, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

"Eglantine loves my brother," he said, gently. "The little bird that sings in her heart will have led her on the trail of the Chief. Has Mahchai Karehde forgotten the song with which he called her to his love meetings in the tribe?"

"The Chief has forgotten nothing."

"Let him call her then."

The Indian did not let the invitation be repeated. The cry of the walkon roee in the silence.

At the same moment a rustling was heard in the branches, and a young woman, bounding like a startled fawn, fell panting into the warrior's arms, which were opened to receive her. This pressure was no longer than a flash of lightning; the Chief, doubtlessly ashamed of the tender emotion he had yielded to in the presence of a white man, even though that white man was a friend, coldly repulsed the young female, saying to her, in a voice in which no trace of feeling was visible,—

"My sister is fatigued, without doubt; no danger menaces her at this moment; she can sleep; the warriors will watch over her."

"Eglantine is a Comanche maid," she answered, in a timid voice. "Her heart is strong; she will obey Mahchai Karehde (the Flying Eagle.) Under the protection of so terrible a chief she knows herself in safety."

The Indian bent on her a glance full of indescribable tenderness; but regaining almost immediately that apparent apathy which the Redskins never depart from—

"The warriors wish to hold a council; my sister can sleep," he said.

The young woman made no reply; she bowed respectfully to the two men, and withdrawing a few paces, she lay down in the grass, and slept, or feigned to sleep. The Canadian had contented himself with smiling on seeing the result obtained by the advice he had given the warrior, and listened, with an approving nod of the head, to the few words exchanged between the Redskins.—The Chief, buried in thought, stood for a few minutes with his eyes fixed, with a strange expression, on the young, sleeping woman; then he passed his hand several times over his brow, as if to dissipate the clouds that oppressed his mind, and turned to the hunter.

"My brother, the paleface has need of rest. The Chief will watch," he said.

"The coyotes have ceased barking, the moon has disappeared, a white streak is rising on the horizon," the Canadian replied. "Day will speedily appear; sleep has fled my eyelids; the men must hold a council."

The Indian bowed, without further remark, and, laying his gun on the ground, collected a few armfuls of dry wood, which he carried near the sleeper. The Canadian struck a light; the wood soon caught, and the flame colored the trees with its blood-red hue. The two men then squatted by each other's side, filled their calumets with *manahée*, the sacred tobacco, and commenced smoking silently, with that imposing gravity which the Indians, under all circumstances, bring to this symbolic operation.

We will profit by this moment of rest, which accident offers us, to draw a portrait of these three persons, who are destined to play an important part in the course of our story.

The Canadian was a man of about forty-five years of age, six feet in height, long, thin, and dry; his was a nervous nature, composed of muscle and sinews, perfectly adapted to the rude profession of wood-ranger, which demands a vigor and boldness beyond all expression. Like all his countrymen, the Canadian offered, in his features, the Norman type in its thorough purity. His wide forehead; his gray eyes, full of intelligence; his slightly aquiline nose; his large mouth, full of magnificent teeth; the long light hair, mingled with a few silvery threads which escaped from under his otter-skin cap, and fell in enormous ringlets on his shoulders—all these details gave this man an open, frank, and honest appearance, which attracted sympathy, and pleased at the first glance. This worthy giant, whose real name was Bonnaire, but who was only known on the prairies by the sobriquet of *Marksman*, a sobriquet which he fully justified by the correctness of his aim, and his skill in detecting the lurking-places of wild beasts, was born in the vicinity of Montreal; but having been taken, while very young, into the forests of Upper Canada, desert life possessed such charms for him, that he had given up civilized society, and for nearly thirty years had traversed the vast solitudes of North America, only consenting to visit the towns and villages when he wanted to dispose of the skins of the animals he had killed, or renew his provision of powder and bullets.

Marksman's companion, Flying Eagle, was one of the most renowned chiefs of the tribe of the White Buffalo, the most powerful of all forming the warlike Camanche race, that untamable and ferocious nation, which, in its immeasurable pride, haughtily terms itself the Queen of the Prairies, a title which no other tribe dares to challenge. Flying Eagle, though still very young, for he was scarcely four-and-twenty, had already distinguished himself, on several occasions, by deeds of such unheard-of boldness and temerity, that his mere name inspired the countless Indian hordes that constantly traverse the desert in every direction, with invincible terror.

He was tall, well-built, and perfectly proportioned; his features were elegant, and his black eyes acquired, beneath the influence of any powerful emotion, that strange rigidity which commands respect; his gestures were noble, and his carriage graceful, and stamped with that majesty inborn in Indians. The Chief was attired in his war dress, and that was so singular, as to deserve a detailed description.

Eaglehead wore the cap which only distinguished warriors, who have killed many warriors, have the right to assume; it is made of strips of white ermine, with a large piece of red cloth fastened at the back, and falling to the thigh, to which is fastened an upright crest of black and white eagle plumes, which begins at the head and continues in close order to the extremity. Above his right ear, he had passed through his hair a wooden knife, painted red, and about the length of a hand; this knife was the model of one with which he had killed a Dacotah chief; he wore, in addition, eight small wooden skewers, painted blue, and adorned at the upper extremity with a gilt nail, to indicate the number of bullets that had wounded him; over his left ear he wore a large tuft of yellow owl feathers, with the ends painted red, as the totem of the Band of Dogs; one-half of his face was red, and his body reddish brown, with stripes from which the color had been removed by a moistened finger. His arms, starting from the shoulder, were adorned with twenty-seven yellow stripes, indicating the number of his exploits, while on his chest he had painted a blue hand, to announce that he had frequently made prisoners. Round his neck he wore a magnificent collar of grizzly bears' claws, three inches in length, and white at the point. His shoulders were covered by a large buffalo robe, falling almost to the ground, and painted of various colors. His breeches, composed of two separate parts, one for each leg, were tightly fastened to his waistbelt, and fell almost to his ankles, embroidered externally with colored porcupine quills, terminating in a long tuft that trailed on the ground. Wide stripes of black and white cloth were rolled round his hips, and fell before and behind in heavy folds. His slippers of buffalo hide were but slightly decorated; but wolf tails, trailing on the ground behind him, and equalling in number the enemies he had conquered, were fastened above his ankles. From his waistbelt hung, on one side, his powder-flask, ball-pouch, and scalping-knife; on the other, a quiver of panther-skin, filled with long, sharp arrows, and his tomahawk; his gun was laid on the ground, within reach of his hand.

This warrior, dressed in such a strange costume, had something imposing and sinister about him which inspired terror.

For the present, we will confine ourselves to saying that Eglantine was not more than fifteen years of age; that she was very beautiful for an Indian girl; and wore, in all its elegant simplicity, the sweet costume adopted by the women of her nation. Ending here this description, which was perhaps too detailed, but which was necessary in order to know the men we have introduced in the scene, we will return to our narrative.

For a long time the two men smoked side by side, without exchanging a syllable; at length, the Canadian shook out the ashes of his pipe on his thumb nail, and addressed his companion.

"Is my brother satisfied?" he said.

"Wah!" the Indian answered, and bowing assent; "my brother has a friend."

"Good!" the hunter continued; "and what will the chief do now?"

"Flying Eagle will rejoin his tribe with Eglantine, and then return to seek the Apache trail."

"For what purpose?"

"Flying Eagle will avenge himself."

"As you please, Chief. I will certainly not try to dissuade you from projects against enemies who are also mine; still I do not believe you look at the matter in the right light."

"What would my brother the paleface war-rior say?"

"I mean that we are far from the lodges of the Pawnees, and before reaching them, we shall have doubtless more than one turn-up with the enemies, from whom the Chief considers himself freed, perhaps, too prematurely."

The Apache shrugged his shoulders disdainfully.

"The Apaches are old women, chattering and cowardly," he said. "Flying Eagle despises them."

"That is possible," the hunter replied, with a toss of his head; "still, in my opinion, we should have done better in continuing our journey till sunrise, and in order to put a greater distance between them and us, instead of halting so imprudently; we are still very near the camp of our enemies."

The fire-water has stopped the ears and closed the eyes of the Apache dogs; they are stretched on the ground and sleeping."

"Hum! that is not my opinion; I am, on the contrary, persuaded that they are watching and looking for us."

At the same instant, as if chance wished to justify the apprehensions of the prudent hunter, some dozen shots were fired; a horrible war cry, to which the Canadian and the Comanche responded, with a yell of defiance, was heard in the forest, and nearly thirty Indians rushed howling toward the fire, at which our three characters were seated; but the latter had disappeared, as if by enchantment.

The Apaches stopped with an outburst of passion, not knowing in what direction to turn, in order to find their crafty foes again. Suddenly, three shots were fired from the interior of the forest, and three Apaches rolled on the ground, with holes in their chests.—The Indians uttered a yell of fury, and rushed in the direction of the shots. At the moment they reached the edge of the forest, a man stepped forward, waving in his right hand a buffalo robe, as a signal of peace. It was Marksman, the Canadian.

The Apaches stopped with an ill-omened hesitation, but the Canadian, without seeming to notice the movement, walked resolutely toward them with the slow and careless step habitual to him; on recognizing him, the Indians brandished their weapons wrathfully, and wished to rush upon him, for they had many reasons for hating the hunter; but their Chief arrested them with a peremptory gesture.

"Let my brothers be patient," he said, with a sinister smile, "they will lose nothing by waiting."

CHAPTER II.

THE GUEST.

On the same day that our story begins, and about three miles from the place where the events narrated in our preceding chapter occurred, a numerous caravan had halted at sunset, in a vast clearing situated on the skirt of an immense virgin forest, the last species of which ended on the banks of the Rio Colorado.

This caravan came from the south-east, that is, from Mexico. It appeared to have been on the march for a long time, as far as possible to judge by the state in which the clothes of the men were, as well as the harness of the horses and mules. In fact, the poor beasts themselves were reduced to a state of leanness and weakness, which amply testified to the rude fatigue they must have endured. The caravan was composed of some thirty-five persons, all attired in the picturesque and characteristic costume of the half-bred hunters and Gambusinos, who alone, or in small bands, at the most of four, incessantly traverse the Far West, which they explore in its most mysterious depths, for the purpose of hunting, trapping, or discovering the numberless gold veins it contains in its bosom.

The adventurers halted, dismounted, fastened their horses to piquet ropes, and began immediately, with that skill and quickness only attained by long habit, making their preparations to bivouac. The grass was pulled up over a considerable extent of ground; the baggage, piled up in a circle, formed a breastwork, behind which a sudden attack of the desert marauders might be resisted; and then fires were lighted in the shape of a St. Andrew's cross in the interior of the camp.

When all this had been attended to, some of the adventurers put up a large tent above a palanquin carefully closed, which was carried by two mules, one before and one behind. When the tent was pitched, the mules were taken out of the palanquin, and the curtains, in falling, covered it so completely, that it was entirely concealed.

This palanquin was a riddle to the adventurers. No one knew what it contained, though the general curiosity was singularly aroused on the subject of a mystery so specially incomprehensible in this deserted country; each kept carefully to himself the opinions he had formed about it—above all, since the day when, in the midst of a difficult piece of country, and during the momentary absence of the Chief of the Cuadrilla, who usually never left the palanquin, which he guarded like a miser does his treasure, a hunter leaned over and slightly opened one of the curtains; but the man had scarce time to take a furtive peep through the opening, ere the Chief, suddenly coming up, split his skull open with a blow of his machete, and laid him dead at his feet. Then he turned to the terrified witnesses, and said coolly—

"Is there another among you who would like to discover what I think proper to keep secret?"

These words were uttered in such a tone that these villains, for the most part without faith or law, and accustomed to brave, with a laugh, the greatest perils, felt an internal shudder, and their blood stagnated in their veins. This lesson had been sufficient. No one tried afterwards to discover the captain's secret.

The final arrangements had been scarcely made for the encampment, ere the sound of horses was heard, and two horsemen arrived at a gallop.

"Here is the captain," the adventurers said to each other.

The new comers gave their reins to men who ran up to receive them, and walked hastily toward the tent. On arriving there, the first stopped, and addressed his companion—

"Caballero," he said to him, "you are welcome among us; although very poor ourselves, we will gladly share the little we possess with you."

"Thanks," the second said, with a bow, "I will not abuse your gracious hospitality; to-morrow, at sunrise, I think I shall be sufficiently rested to continue my journey."

"You will act as you think proper: rest yourself by this fire prepared for us, while I go for a few moments into that tent. I will soon rejoin you, and have the honor of keeping you company."

The stranger bowed and took his place by the fire, lighted a short distance from the tent, while the captain let the curtain he had lifted fall behind him, and disappeared from his guest's sight.

The latter was a man of marked features, his stalwart limbs denoting a far from ordinary strength; the few wrinkles that furrowed his energetic face served to indicate that he had already passed mid-life, though no trace of decrepitude was visible on his solidly-built body, and not a white hair silvered his long and thick locks, which were black as a raven's wing. He wore the costume of the rich Mexican hacenderos, that is to say, the manca; the sarape, of many colors; the velvet calzoneros, open at the knee, and botas vaqueras; his hat, of vicuna skin, gallooned with gold, was drawn in by a rich toquilla, fastened with a costly diamond; a sheathless machete hung from his right hip, merely passed through an iron ring: the barrels of two six-chambered revolvers shone in his waistbelt, and he had thrown on the grass by his side an American rifle, beautifully damascened with silver.

When the Captain left him alone, this man, while installing himself before the fire in the most comfortable way possible, that is to say, arranging his sarape and water bottles to serve as a bed, if necessary, had cast a furtive glance around, whose expression would, doubtless, have supplied the adventurers with serious matter of thought had they been able to notice it; but all were busied in getting the bivouac sung, and preparations for supper, and trusting entirely in the loyalty of prairie hospitality, they did not at all dream of watching what the stranger seated at their fire was about.

The unknown, after a few moments' reflection, rose and walked up to a party of trappers, whose conversation seemed very animated, and who were gesticulating with that fire natural to southern races.

"Eh!" one of them said, on noticing the stranger, "this cause will not go right with a word."

The latter, thus directly appealed to, turned toward the speaker.

"What is the matter, caballeros!" he asked.

"Oh, a very simple matter," the adventurer made no answer, "your horse, a noble and handsome animal, I must allow, senor, will not associate with ours; it stamps its feet and bites at the companions we have given it."

"Oh, that is, indeed, simple enough," a second adventurer remarked, with a grin, "that horse is a *costeno*, and too proud to associate with poor *tierras d'adentro* like our horses."

At this singular reason, all burst into an Homeric laugh.

The stranger smiled cunningly.

"It may be the reason you state, or perhaps some other," he said, gently; "at any rate, there is a very simple way of settling the dispute, which I will employ."

"Ah!" the second speaker said, "what is it?"

"This," the stranger replied, with the same air of placidity.

Then, walking up to the horse, which two men had a difficulty in holding, he said,—

"Let go!"

"But if we let go, nobody knows what will happen."

"Let go! I answer for all," then addressing his horse,—

"Lillo!" he said.

At this name, the horse raised its noble head, and fixing its sparkling eye on the man who had called it, with a sharp and irresistible movement, it threw off the two men who tried to check it, sent them rolling on the grass, to the shouts of their comrades, and rubbed its head against its master's chest with a neigh of pleasure.

"You see," the stranger said, as he patted the noble animal, "it is not difficult."

"Hum!" the first adventurer, who picked himself up said, in an angry tone, and rubbing his shoulder; "that is a *demonio* to which I would not entrust my skin, old and wrinkled as it is at present."

"Do not trouble yourself any further about the horse, I will attend to it."

"On the faith of Domingo, I have had enough, for my part; 'tis a noble brute, but it has a fiend inside it."

The stranger shrugged his shoulders without replying, and returned to the fire, followed by his horse, which paced step by step behind him, not evincing the slightest wish to indulge further in those eccentricities which had so greatly astonished the adventurers, who are, however, all men well versed in the equine art. This horse was a pure barb of Arab stock, and had probably cost its present owner an enormous sum, and its pace seemed strange to men accustomed to American horses. Its master gave it provender, hobbled it near him, and then sat down again by the fire; at the same instant the Captain appeared in the entrance of the tent.

"I beg your pardon," he said, with that charming courtesy natural to the Hispano-Americans; "I beg your pardon, Senor Caballero, for having neglected you so long, but an imperative duty claimed my presence.—Now I am quite at your service."

The stranger bowed.

"On the contrary," he replied, "I must ask you to accept my apologies for the cool manner in which I avail myself of your hospitality."

"Not a word more on this head if you wish not to annoy me."

The Captain seated himself by his guest's side.

"We will dine," he said. "I can only offer you scanty fare; but one must put up with it, and I am reduced to tasajo and red beans with pinonito."

"That is delicious, and I should assuredly do honor to it if I felt the slightest appetite; but, at the present moment, it would be impossible for me to swallow the smallest mouthful."

"Ah!" the Captain said, looking distrustfully at the stranger.

But he met a face so simply calm, a smile so frank, that he felt ashamed of his suspicions, and his face, which had grown gloomy, at once regained all its serenity.

"I am vexed. Still I will ask permission to dine at once, for, differently from you, Caballero, I must confess to you that I am literally dying of hunger."

"I should be in despair at causing you the slightest delay."

"Domingo," the Captain shouted, "my dinner."

The adventurer, whom the stranger's horse had treated so roughly, soon came up limping, and carrying his Chief's supper in a wooden tray; a few tortillas he held in his hand completed the meal, which was worthy of an anchorite.

Domingo was an Indian half-bred, with a knowing look, angular features, and crafty face; he appeared to be about fifty years of age, so far as it is possible to judge an Indian's age by his looks. Since his misadventure with the horse, Domingo felt a malice for the stranger.

"*Con su permiso*," the Captain said, as he broke a tortilla.

"I will smoke a cigarette, if that can be called hogging you company," the stranger said, with his stereotyped smile.

The other bowed politely, and fell to on his meagre repast with that eagerness which denotes a lengthened abstinence. We will take advantage of the opportunity to draw for the reader a portrait of the Chief of the caravan.

Don Miguel Ortega, for such was the name by which he was known to his comrades, was an elegant and handsome young man, not more than six-and-twenty years of age, with a bronzed complexion, delicate features, haughty and flashing eyes; while his tall stature, well-shaped limbs, and wide and arched chest, denoted rare vigor. Assuredly through the whole extent of the old Spanish colonies, it would have been difficult—if not impossible—to meet a more seductive cavalier, whom the picturesque Mexican costume became so well, or combining to the same extent as he did, those external advantages which charm women and captivate the populace.

A hunter's meal, seasoned by appetite, is never long. The present one was promptly disposed of.

"There," the Captain said, as he wiped his fingers with a tuft of grass; "now for a cigarette to help digestion, and then I shall have the honor to wish you good-night. Of course, you do not intend to leave us before daybreak."

"I can hardly tell you. That will depend, to some extent, on the weather to-night. I am in a considerable hurry, and you know, Caballero, that—as our neighbors, the Gringos, so justly remark—time is money."

"You know better than I do, Caballero, what you have to do. Act as you please; but, before I retire, accept my wishes for a pleasant night's rest, and the success of your plans."

"I thank you, Caballero."

"One last word, or rather, one last question, before separating."

"Ask it."

"Of course, if this question appears to you indiscreet, you are at perfect liberty not to answer it."

"It would surprise me, on the part of so accomplished a Caballero. Hence, be kind enough to explain yourself."

"My name is Don Miguel Ortega."

"And mine Don Stefano Cohecho."

The Captain bowed.

"Will you allow me, in my turn," the stranger said, "to ask you a question?"

"I beg you to do so."

"Why this exchange of names?"

"Because, on the prairie it is good to be able to distinguish friends from foes."

"That is true. And now?"

"Now I am certain that I do not cozen you among the latter."

"*Quien sabe?*" Don Stefano retorted, with a laugh. "There are such strange accidents!"

The two men, after exchanging a few more words in the most friendly manner, cordially shook hands. Don Miguel went into the tent, and Don Stefano, after turning his feet towards the fire, slept, or pretended to do so.

An hour later, the deepest silence reigned in the camp. The fires only produced a doubtful gleam; and the sentinels, leaning on their rifles, were themselves yielding to that species of vague somnolency which is not quite sleep, but is no longer watching.—All at once, an owl, probably hidden in a neighboring tree, twice uttered its melancholy hu-hu.

Don Stefano suddenly opened his eyes, without changing his position; he assured himself, by an investigating glance, that all was quiet around him; then, after convincing himself that his machete and revolvers had not left him, he took up his rifle, and in his turn, imitated the cry of the owl, which was answered by a similar whoop.

The stranger, after arranging his sarape, so as to imitate a human body, whispered a few words to his horse while patting it, in order to calm it; and leaping himself at full length on the ground, he crawled towards one of the posts from the camp, stopping at intervals to look around him.

All continued to be tranquil. On reaching the foot of the breastwork formed by the baggage, he jumped up, leapt over the obstacles with a tiger's bound, and disappeared in the prairie. At the same instant a man rose, sprang over the entrenchment, and rushed in pursuit of him.

That man was Domingo.

CHAPTER III.

A SHORT CONFERENCE.

Don Stefano Cohecho seemed to be thoroughly acquainted with the desert. So soon as he was on the prairie, and fancied himself safe from any curious eye, he raised his head haughtily, his step grew more confident, his eye sparkled with a gloomy fire, and he walked with long steps towards a clump of palm trees, whose small fans formed but a scanty protection by day against the burning sunbeams.

Still he neglected no precaution; at times he stopped hurriedly, to listen to the slightest suspicious sound, or interrogate, with searching glance, the gloomy depths of the forest. But after a few seconds, re-assured by the calm that prevailed around him, he jogged onwards with that deliberate step he had adopted on leaving the camp.

Domingo walked literally in his steps; spying and watching each of his movements with that sagacity peculiar to the half-breeds, while carefully keeping on his guard against any surprise on the part of the man he was following. Domingo was one of those men, of whom only too many are met with on the frontiers. Gifted with great qualities and great vices, equally fit for good and evil, capable of accomplishing extraordinary things in either sense; but who, for the most part, are only guided by their evil instincts.

He was at this moment following the stranger, without exactly knowing the motive that made him do so; not even having decided whether to be for or against him; awaiting, to make up his mind, a little better knowledge of the state of affairs, and the chance of weighing the advantage he should derive from treachery or the performance of his duty. Hence, he carefully avoided letting his presence be suspected, for he guessed that the mystery he wished to detect would, if he succeeded, offer him great advantages, especially if he knew how to work it.

The two men marched thus for nearly an hour, one behind the other, Don Stefano not suspecting for a moment that he was so cleverly watched, and that one of the most knowing scoundrels on the prairie was at his heels.

After numberless turnings in the tall grass, Don Stefano at length arrived at the bank of the Rio Colorado, which at this spot was as wide and placid as a lake, running over a bed of sand, bordered by thick clumps of cottonwood trees, and tall poplars, whose roots were bathed in the water. On reaching the river, the stranger stopped, listened for a moment, and, raising his fingers to his mouth, imitated the bark of a coyote. Almost immediately, the same signal rose in the midst of the mangrove trees, and a little birch-bark canoe, pulled by two men, appeared on the bank.

"Eh!" Don Stefano said, in a suppressed voice, "I had given up all hopes of meeting you."

"Did you not hear our signal?" one of the men in the canoe answered.

"Should I have come without that? Still, it seems to me you could have come nearer to me."

"It was not possible."

The canoe ran on to the sand; the two men leaped on lightly, and in a second joined Don Stefano. Both were dressed and armed like prairie hunters.

"Hum!" Don Stefano continued; "it is a long journey from the camp here, and I am afraid that my absence may be noticed."

"That is a risk you must run," the first speaker remarked—a man of tall stature, with a grave and stern face, whose hair, white as snow, fell in long curls on his shoulders.

"Well, as you are here at last, let us come to an understanding; and make haste about it, for time is precious. What have you done since we parted?"

"Not much; we followed you at a distance, that is all, ready to come to your assistance if needed."

"Thanks; no news?"

"None. Who could have given us any?"

"That is true; and have you not met your friend Marksman?"

"No."

"*Cuerpo de Cristo!* That is annoying; for, if my presentiment do not deceive me, we shall soon have to play at knives."

"We will do so."

"I know it, Brighteye. I have long been acquainted with your courage; but you, Ruperto your comrade, and myself, are only three men, after all."

"What matter?"

"What matter? you say, when we shall have to fight thirty or forty hardened hunters! On my word, Brighteye, you will drive me mad with your notions. You doubt about nothing; but remember, that this time we have not to contend against badly-armed Indians, but white men, thorough game for the galleys, who will die without yielding an inch, and to whom we must inevitably succumb."

"That is true; I did not think of that; they are numerous."

"If we fall, what will become of her?"

"Good, good," the hunter said, with a shake of his head. "I repent to you that I did not think of that."

"You see, then, that it is indispensable for us to come to an understanding with Marksman and the men he may have at his disposal."

"Yes; but where are you going to find in the desert the men of a man like Marksman? Who knows where he is at this moment? He may be within gunshot of us, or five hundred miles off."

"It is enough to drive me mad!"

"In fact is, that the position is grave. Are you, at least, sure this time that you are not mistaken, but are in the right trail?"

"I cannot say with certainty, though everything leads me to suppose that I am not mistaken. However, I shall soon know what I have to depend on."

"Besides, it is the same trail we have followed ever since leaving Monterey; the chances are it is they."

"What do we resolve on?"

"Hang it! I do not know what to say."

"On my word, you are a most heart-breaking fellow! What! cannot you suggest any way?"

"I must have a certainty, and then, as you said yourself, it would be madness for us thus to try a sudden attack."

"Your right. I will return to the camp; to-morrow night we will meet again, and I shall be very unlucky if this time I do not discover what it is so important for us all to know. Do you, in the meanwhile, ransack the prairie in every direction, and, if possible bring me news of Marksman."

"The recommendation is unnecessary. I shall not be idle."

Don Stefano seized the old hunter's hand, and pressed it between his own.

"Brighteye," he said, to him, with considerable emotion, "I will not speak of our old friendship, nor of the services which I have been several times so fortunate as to render you; I will only repeat, and I know it will be sufficient for you, that the happiness of my whole life depends upon the success of our expedition."

"Good, good; have confidence in me, Don Jose. I am too old to change my friends; I do not know who is right or wrong in this business; I wish that justice may be on your side; but that does not affect me. Whatever may happen, I will be a good and faithful companion to you."

"Thanks, my old friend. To-morrow night, then."

After uttering these few words, Don Stefano, or, at least, the man who called himself so, made a move as if to withdraw; but Brighteye stopped him with a sudden gesture.

"What's the matter?" the stranger asked.

The hunter laid a forefinger on his mouth, to recommend silence, and turned to Ruperto, who had remained silent and apathetic during the interview.

"*Coyote*," he said to him, in a low voice.

Without replying, Ruperto bounded like a jaguar, and disappeared in a clump of cotton-wood trees, which was a short distance off.

After a few moments, the two men who had remained, with their bodies bent forward in the attitude of listeners, without uttering a syllable, heard a rustling of leaves, a noise of broken branches, followed by the fall of a heavy body on the ground, and after that nothing. Almost immediately the cry of the owl rose in the night air.

"Ruperto calls us," Brighteye then said. "All is over."

"What has happened?" Don Stefano asked, anxiously.

"Less than nothing," the hunter replied, making him a sign to follow. "You had a spy at your heels; that is all."

"A spy?"

"By Jove! you shall see."

"Oh, oh! that is serious."

"Less than you suppose, as we have him."

"In that case, though, we must kill the man."

"Who knows? That will depend on the explanation we may have with him. At any rate, there is no great harm in crushing such vipers."

While speaking thus, Brighteye and his companion had entered the thicket. Domingo, thrown down, and tightly garotted by means of Ruperto's reata, was vainly struggling to break the bonds that cut into his flesh. Ruperto, with his hands resting upon the muzzle of his rifle, was listening with a grin, but no other reply, to the flood of insults and recriminations which rage drew from the half-breed.

"*Dios me ampare!*" the latter shouted, writhing like a viper. *Verdugo del Demonio!* Is this the way to behave between *gente de razon?* Am I a Redskin, to be tied like a plug of tobacco, and have my limbs fettered like a calf that is being taken to the shambles? If ever you fall into my hands, accursed dog! you shall pay for the trick you have played me."

"Instead of threatening, my good man," Brighteye interposed, "it seems to me you would do better by frankly allowing that you are in our power, and acting in accordance."

The bandit sharply turned his head, the only part of his person at liberty, toward the hunter.

"What right have you to call me good man, and give me advice, old trapper of musk-rats!" he said to him, irritably. "Are you white men, or Indians, to treat a hunter thus?"

"If, instead of hearing what did not concern you, Senor Domingo, for I believe that is your name," Don Stefano said, with a cunning look, "you had remained quietly asleep in your camp, the little annoyance of which you complain would not have occurred."

"I am bound to recognize the justice of your reasoning," the bandit replied ironically; "but, hang it! what would you have? I have ever suffered from a mania of trying to find out what people sought to hide from me."

The stranger looked at him suspiciously.

"And have you had the mania long, my good friend?" he asked him.

"Since my earliest youth," he answered, with effrontery.

"Only think of that! Then you must have learned a good many things?"

"An enormous number, I can tell you."

Don Stefano turned to Brighteye.

"My friend," he said to him, "you become this man's bonds a little. You are much to be pitied in his company; I will do *mefore* his companions for a little while."

The hunter thoroughly comprehended the hint he received. The bandit uttered a sigh of satisfaction at finding himself more at his ease, and sat up.

"*Cuerpo de Cristo!*" he exclaimed, with a mocking accent. "The position is now, at any rate, bearable. We can talk."

"I think so."

"My faith! yes. I am quite at your service, for anything you please, Excellency."

"I will profit by your complaisance."

"Profit by it! profit by it, Excellency! I can only gain in talking with you."

"Do you believe so?"

"I am convinced of it."

"Indeed, you may be right; but tell me, besides that noble curiosity, which you so frankly confessed, have you not, by accident, a few other defects?"

The bandit appeared to reflect conscientiously for two or three minutes, and then answered, with an affable grin—

"My faith! no, Excellency. I cannot find any."

"Are you sure of that?"

"Hum! it may be so, yet I do not believe it."

"Come, you see, you are not sure."

"That is indeed true!" the bandit exclaimed, with pretended candor. "As you know, Excellency, human nature is so imperfect."

Don Stefano gave a nod of assent.

"If I were to help you," he said, "perhaps—"

"We might find it out, Excellency," Domingo quickly interrupted him. "Well, help me, help me, I ask for nothing better."

"Hum, for instance—but notice that I affirm nothing; I suppose, that is all."

"*Caray!* I am well aware of it. Go on, Excellency, do not trouble yourself."

"Then, I say—have you not a certain weakness for money?"

"For gold, especially."

"That is what I meant to say."

"The fact is, gold is very tempting, Excellency."

"I do not wish to regard it as a crime, my friend, I only mention it; besides, that passion is so natural—"

"Is it not?"

"That you must be affected by it."

"Well, I confess, Excellency, that you have guessed it."

"Look you! I was sure of it."

"Yes, money gained honestly."

"Of course! Thus, for instance, suppose any one offered you a thousand piastres to discover the secret of Don Miguel Ortega's palanquin?"

"Hang it!" the bandit said, fixing a sharp glance on the stranger, who, for his part, examined him attentively.

"And if that somebody," Don Stefano went on, "gave you in addition, as earnest penny, a ring like this?"

While saying this, he made a magnificent diamond ring flash in the bandit's eyes.

"I would accept," the latter said, with a greedy accent, "even if I were compelled, in order to discover that secret, to imperil the share I hope for in Paradise."

Don Stefano turned to Brighteye.

"Unfasten this man," he said, coldly, "we understand each other."

On feeling himself free, the half-breed gave a bound of joy.

"The ring!" he said.

"There it is," Don Stefano said, as he handed it to him; "all is arranged."

Domingo laid his right hand thumb across the left, and raised his head proudly.

"On the Holy Cross of the Redeemer," he said, in a clear and impressive voice, "I swear to employ all my efforts in discovering the secret Don Miguel hides so jealously; I swear never to betray the Caballero, with whom I am treating at this moment: this oath I take in the presence of these three caballeros, pledging myself if I break it, to endure any punishment, even death, which it may please these three caballeros to inflict on me."

The oath taken by Domingo is the most terrible a Spanish American can offer; there is not a single instance of it ever having been broken. Don Stefano bowed, convinced of the bandit's sincerity.

At this moment, several shots, followed by horrible yells, were heard at a short distance off. Brighteye started.

"Don Jose," he said to the stranger, as he laid his hands on his shoulder, "Heaven favors us. Return to the camp; to-morrow night I shall probably have some news for you."

"But those shots?"

"Do not trouble yourself about them, but return to the camp, I tell you, and let me act."

"Well, as you wish it, I will retire."

"Till to-morrow?"

"To-morrow."

"And I?" Domingo said, "Caramba, comrades, if you are going to play at knives, can you not take me with you?"

The old hunter looked at him attentively.

"Eh?" he said, at the expiration of a moment, "your idea is not a bad one; you can come, if you desire it."

"That is capital, for it is a pretext ready made to explain my absence."

Don Stefano smiled, and after reminding Brighteye once again of their meeting for the following night, he left the thicket, and proceeded toward the camp.

The two hunters and the half-breed were left alone. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ IRRESISTIBLE TO FEAR.—The lone rebel who wouldn't retreat from Beaufort. Spirit above proof animated him to give that proof of his spirit.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1861.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

HAMMITAGE. The name Lisle is pronounced as if written Lile.

M. L. Your kindly letter was duly appreciated by the author of the article referred to.

TO THOSE GETTING UP CLUBS.

As it is a very great convenience to us to have the names of subscribers who wish to begin with the new year sent in as early as possible, we would recommend that those engaged in getting up clubs should send them on in time to reach us by the first of the year, even in case where the lists are not full.

Sufficient money to pay for the number sent, at the club rate, must always accompany the names.

The balance of the names and of the money should be sent on as soon as possible.

In this way we shall be able to make up our books early, and those who have given in their names on clubs will not be compelled to wait for their papers until the whole list is completed—which often is a work of considerable time, and trying to the patience of the early subscribers. ks

THE INDIAN SCOUT.

Those of our readers who love stories of adventure and active life, have a treat before them in the story, or rather romance of THE INDIAN SCOUT, which we begin in the present number. The interest is kept up to the close. Readers who like more domestic and quiet stories also will have their tastes duly gratified as usual. We desire to please both classes.

OUR MAPS.

In answer to a question we would state that any club subscriber to THE POST will have a Map forwarded to him (postage prepaid by us) by inclosing us fifty cents. Those whose clubs do not expire for several months can thus have the Map forwarded at once, by remitting the money for it. The Map is well worth having.

GEN. GEORGE B. McCLELLAN.

We need hardly call the attention of our readers to the very handsome and faithful engraving of GENERAL MCCLELLAN which they see on our first page this week. We are indebted for it to the kindness of Mr. W. B. LOCKWOOD, of the LOCKWOOD MANUFACTURING COMPANY, No. 265 South Third street. This engraving has been pronounced by connoisseurs the most artistic and accurate likeness of the commander-in-chief of our army yet published, and one of the finest specimens of the art of wood engraving ever issued. It was drawn by the distinguished artist, Schuessele, and engraved by James W. Lauderbach, Fourth and Library streets. We learn that Mr. Lockwood is about to publish copies of this superior engraving on fine, heavy plate paper, and that the public will thus have an opportunity of procuring it. A copy before us, printed on such paper, presents an admirable appearance.

CONGRESS.

The temper of Congress seems to be decidedly energetic this session—the members seem to be in no mood for trifling, and not at all fearful of calling things by their right names. Breckinridge was unanimously expelled from the Senate as a "*traitor.*" Even so discreet and conservative a statesman as Senator Trumbull, comes down to Washington from the northwest with a confiscation bill of the most sweeping character. He has come to the conclusion, which so many others have arrived at, that after affairs reach the point of actual war, gentleness only aggravates the danger. He says:—

Who does not know that treason has gained strength by the leniency with which it has been treated? We have dallied with it quite too long already. Instead of being looked upon as the worst of crimes, as it really is, it has come to be regarded as a trivial offence, to be atoned for by a promise to do so no more. The despoilers of loyal citizens, the conspirators against the peace of a nation, the plunderers of the public property, the assassins of liberty, when they have fallen into our hands, have been allowed to escape on taking an oath of allegiance, which many have not scrupled to violate the first opportunity.

Thousands of industrious and enterprising business men have been ruined by this rebellion. More than twenty millions of people now contributing of their means and their blood to its suppression—more than half a million of men, at noble power to inflict them, should in martial array, now encamped in tents, and undergoing all the hardships of winter campaign—thousands of others now confined in prisons, and some in dungeons, by the rebels—the blood of the disinterested, the noble-hearted, the dauntless and heroic Lyon; of the gifted, the eloquent, the brave, and patriotic Baker; and of the hundreds of other loyal citizens and true men shed by rebel hands, still uplifted for the slaughter of thousands more, and the destruction of free Government—these, and a thousand other considerations, all demand that the authors of these calamities, and others yet to follow, if they have the power to inflict them, should be made to suffer, both in their persons and their property, for the enormous crimes they have been and are committing against private rights and public liberty.

Besides, sir, not to confiscate the property of rebels is to offer a premium to disloyalty, so long as they, whenever in power, confiscate the property of loyal citizens. Under such a policy, *the rebels' property is safe, let the war roll triumph;* while the man true to his allegiance, his country, and his flag, is, if within their power, despoiled of all he possesses. Under such a policy, the path of safety for property is to place it on the road to treason. It is no wonder that under such a policy [illegible] which, at first, had but a partial foothold in such states as Missouri, Kentucky, Tennessee, North Carolina, and Virginia, has spread till in some of them it is now the controlling power. The loyal people will let the strongest arm of the government know that *the penalty for an assault of his allegiance to his country is the forfeiture of all he has, while, if he forswears his allegiance, his property is still protected by the government.*

If we would bring this war to a successful issue, it is high time it was made as terrible to the enemies as to the friends of the republic. It is time for security to compromises and concessions to cease, and for Government to act promptly and speedily in the only way calculated for the preservation of the Union and the maintenance of constitutional liberty. They who deny their allegiance to the Government, have no right to claim its protection. Let the Government cease to afford it; deal with them and their property as their crimes deserve; prosecute the war with vigor, and it will soon be brought to a successful issue.

In connection with the above ably-reasoned argument, we may say, that some people, in comfortable circumstances themselves, seem to forget that there are hundreds of thousands of suffering loyal men in the North to whom the government owes more than even to the loyal men of the South—to say nothing of the rebels. There are thousands who are beholding daily the wreck of their fortunes and business, as a consequence of the rebellion, and whom the war is daily restricting in the comforts of life. Now any leniency to the rebels, which leads to a protraction of the war, is cruelty to these.

Men high in civil employments and military commands, drawing large salaries—and other men, contractors and manufacturers, to whom the war is a source of great profit, naturally feel less sensitive on this question. They are not suffering, their families are very comfortable, their fortunes are even increasing—they can afford to look at the matter with exceeding good temper, calmness, and philosophy.

POETRY.

Those who send us "poetry" might save themselves and us considerable trouble, if they would only go over their pieces after they are written, and see that they rhyme correctly. A poem now before us opens as follows:—

> Leave me alone, sweet friend, to-night—
> Not even your dear voice
> Can charm this shadow from my sight,
> Or ease my thirsting *eyes*.

If the gentleman who wrote the above does not know that *voice* and *eyes* do not rhyme in the least, he should stop trying to write poetry. If he does know it, how could he be so careless as to allow such a gross blemish to go uncorrected?

We say nothing as to the idea of a "*dear voice*" easing thirsting *eyes*—our whole "concern" at present being to warn our poetical correspondents against false rhymes, and no rhymes at all. In this respect, at least, the following specimen pieces being deficient. If they cannot make passable rhymes, their vocation, they may take it for granted at once, is not "meditating the thankless muse."

We do not make these remarks with the least desire of wounding the feelings of the writer of the above verse, or of any one else. We do think, however, that we have a right to complain, when any composition—in prose or verse—is sent to us which evidently has not received the careful revision of the author. If we were remorselessly to criticise, for the amusement of our readers, all such defective and evidently careless compositions, we think we would be doing the brotherhood of editors, to say nothing of the world, and the writers themselves, an important service. But our organ of benevolence—we think it must be that—is so large, that after writing at the demand of justice cutting critiques of such articles, we almost invariably tear them up again. Occasionally, however, one drawn very mild, like the present editorial, gets into print.

FAIR PLAY.

As the Secretary of War was greatly blamed some months ago by a portion of the press, on account of his directing the conveyance of troops from New York to Washington to be made by the indirect route through Harrisburg, it is only fair that the following passage of his recent Report should have a wide circulation. He says:—

> Corporations, like individuals, are liable to be governed by selfish motives in the absence of competition. An instance of this kind occurred in the management of the railroads between Baltimore and New York. The sum of six dollars was charged upon that route for the transportation of each soldier from New York to Baltimore.
>
> As this rate seemed extravagant to the Department, when considered in connection with the great increase of trade upon these roads, made necessary by the wants of the Government, inquiry was made concerning the expediency of using the roads from New York to Baltimore, via Harrisburg.
>
> The result was an arrangement by which troops were brought by the last named route at four dollars each; and, as a consequence, this rate was at once necessarily adopted by all the railroads in the loyal states, making a saving to the Government of thirty-three and a third per cent. in all its transportation of soldiers, and at the same time giving to the railroads, through increased business, a liberal compensation.
>
> If General Cameron thus saved to the Government two dollars on every soldier carried, he deserves praise and not censure for his course—and that whether he is a large stockholder in the Baltimore and Harrisburg road, or not.

THE COUNTERSIGN.—The poem with this name recently published in THE POST as the production of Frank G. Williams, a private in the army of the Potomac, was really written by Mr. Fitz James O'Brien, and published in the August number of Harper's Monthly. If Private Williams really sent the poem to a New England paper *as his own composition*, he did a very foolish as well as a very mean thing. But perhaps there is some mistake about it—he may not have intended to convey the impression that he was the author.

ENGLISH CHANGE OF OPINION.—The well known drama of the Octoroon has been recently presented to a London audience. Relative to its reception, the author, Dion Boucicault, now in London, writing to the *London Times*, says:—

> The audience hailed with every mark of enthusiasm the stirring views of slavery to which they were desirous of giving utterance, and the heartiness with which the sentiments were received and responded to by the whole house, was unbounded. The fact was, that the audience was ready and eager to applaud any sentiment calculating for the preservation of the Union and the maintenance of constitutional liberty. They who deny their allegiance to the Government, have no right to claim its protection. Let the Government cease to afford it; deal with them and their property as their crimes deserve; prosecute the war with vigor, and it will soon be brought to a successful issue.

DIFFERENCE OF TASTES.—In taking a new house, the first thought of the women is where shall the piano be put? Of the men, which shall be the smoking-room?—*Punch.*

A THIEF'S CONVICTION.—A confirmed young thief is convinced that "prison isn't salthy." He attributes this to the "cutting 'air" that prevails there.—*Punch.*

ENTHUSIASTIC YACHTSMAN.—"I say, George, isn't sailing the queen of amusements? Isn't it invigorating? Don't you feel a glorious appetite? I could eat a horse behind the saddle." Quite the reverse behind.—"Appetite! No! What little I had is all gone. If I could have one small snipe, and see nothing else on the table, I might pick a wing."

LISLE.—A shameless contemporary, a bachelor says: "The reason why the women do not cut themselves into two by tight lacing is, because they lace around the *heart*, and that is so hard they cannot effect it." He ought to be kicked to death by female butterflies.

A small joke is told of the Empress of Austria, which tells of good spirits, and let us hope, good health as a consequence. The Empress went on a visit to the island of Zante, and, on landing, up came the Consul, Herr Moretti, and down went the Consul on his knees, quite in the Eastern style, asking what might be the gracious Sovereign's commands. The Empress smiled at the Consul, and said quaintly, "My commands are that you get up and dust your knees."

POLITE.—An old lady talking at a party about heads of hair, exclaimed—"If there is anything I hate it is red hair!" Then seeing a young man standing by who had red hair, she made her former speech worse by saying, "But not such pretty red hair as yours, Mr. W."

An Indian out West was heard to make the following exclamation, on seeing one of our fashionable (hooped) ladies:—"Ugh! much wigwam!"

Many persons who now invest but moderately, or not at all, in the popular Government loan, will regret by and by that they did not "go their pile." The largest fortunes in the world—those of the Rothschilds, Barings, and Corcorans—have been made by timely and sagacious purchases of the stocks of sound Governments, when they were temporarily depressed to a low figure.

BY JOVE! TOO BAD.—To be invited out to a wedding dinner, and after having ordered clothes suitable for the occasion, to have a Zouave suit left by mistake, and on the very evening of the dinner too.

"NOW, then, my hearties," said a gallant captain, "you have a tough battle before you. Fight like heroes till your powder's gone; then—run! I'm a little lame, and *I'll start now.*"

The man who made an impression on the heart of a coquette has taken out a patent for stone-cutting.

An exchange says that coffee is not coffee without rolls for breakfast. If he had ever taken his coffee at sea, he would probably be very glad to dispense with the rolls for breakfast.

Any soldier who receives a wound or contracts a disease while in the service of the United States, which incapacitates him for the performance of manual labor, is entitled to a pension on his discharge, to commence from the completion of the proof in the case. Many do not understand that the contracting of disease gives a claim, as well as a wound.

Large farms in California is the subject of an interesting paper in the American Stock Journal. DON ABEL STEARNS, of LOS Angeles County, owns a farm, subdivided into twelve ranches, of 23,813 acres of land, upon which he has 18,000 head of neat cattle, and 3,000 horses, besides other varieties of stock. Forty-three other farmers are mentioned in the same county, who have farms ranging from 40,000 to 60,000 acres.

An Irish stationer, after advertising a variety of articles, gives the following *note bene*:—"To regular customers I sell *waters gratis.*"

> SPITE pulling diplomatic ropes
> Our Bird does thus decide:
> "Mason need not build up his hopes,
> Nor Slidell hope to slide."

A great fuss has been made about "dollar jewlry," but if you want to make a really cheap present to your sweetheart, give her a *dime and pin.* In whispering this joke to a friend, care must be taken to hold his hair on.

Our most distinguished critics admit that Gen. McClellan is the greatest *reviewer* this country has ever produced.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.—This old and popular family paper, published at Philadelphia, is worth a dozen of the flash literary sheets of New York. There is nothing of the Miss Nancy order about it. The POST for 1862 promises to be more attractive than usual.—*New City Dispatch.*

FROM PORT ROYAL.

A RECONNOISSANCE WITHIN TWENTY MILES OF CHARLESTON.—THREE HATTERAS CAPTURED AND THE GUNS SPIKED.

A letter from Port Royal received by the steamer Vanderbilt, states that the 79th New York Highlanders made a reconnoissance in force on the 29th ult., penetrating twenty miles into the interior. They found the rebels were in large force, and that the latter were concentrating from all parts of the country. A large number of contrabands were employed in throwing up intrenchments, and all the able-bodied men were under arms.

The town of Beaufort is still occupied.

Three companies of the Massachusetts 50th regiment, Colonel Wood, left Port Royal on the 29th ult., for Hilton Head, to relieve the 47th Pennsylvania, which regiment is ordered to join the expedition now fitting out at Hilton Head.

The Vanderbilt will immediately return with coal.

The steamer of the Vanderbilt stops for a few days longer than the steamer from Port Royal. Any letters for the 79th Highlanders will be forwarded to them.

The negroes are represented to be in a most demoralized condition. On St. Helena Island—one of the numerous group near Port Royal—there are two large plantations which recently belonged to Mr. Rhett and Mr. Coffin, formerly of Savannah. On those plantations are about two thousand negroes, who refuse to work, (query, without wages?) and claim that as their masters had fled, the property belonged to them.

They have taken possession of all the sheep, poultry, and other edibles, which were abundant on the Island, and now sell them to the troops. So many have been their sales that it is said in about a month there will be considered that there will be nothing left on the Island, but the cotton.

A few days before the Vanderbilt left, two United States gunboats sailed on a cruise up the Beaufort river; and on their return, the officers reported that they had discovered large fields of cotton, already stored for removal, at about four miles distant from the city. Gunboats were again sent to remove the cotton, but it was found that a torch had been applied to it during the night, and the whole crop was consumed.

Tybee Island was still under the direct control of the rebels. The fort on the point of the channel not advisable to land troops on it till reinforcements arrived. There are gunboats and other vessels in the vicinity sufficient to convey fifteen thousand troops a distance of a few hundred miles; when reinforcements are received, it is considered probable that the great Expedition, previously intended, will be undertaken, and that they will proceed up the river to Savannah, if possible, after a successful engagement with Fort Pulaski. That fort, it is stated, is the only one capable of defending Savannah, and there is a large rebel force at present in it. It is also stated that a branch of the Expedition will be sent to Brunswick, Ga., as an easily accessible port.

The correspondent of the *New York Times* says:—

It is thus definitely ascertained that from Tybee Island, within a mile and a quarter of Fort Pulaski, up to Otter Point, not much more than thirty miles from Charleston, the entire seaboard of South Carolina is in our hands; the white population fled; her planters' houses abandoned, and often pillaged by the blacks; the cotton houses frequently burned by the rebels themselves, (sometimes the cotton has been buried), and the slave population left to take care of itself. The efforts to carry off the slaves have been in nearly every case abortive. No love for masters, no fear of their cruelty, no apprehension of the Yankees has been sufficient to alarm the blacks.

They all look upon us as friends; and where they do not come within our lines, my that all that restrains them is the dislike of leaving their families and the "tings"—their little property. They have a cat-like clinging to their old quarters, and do not generally manifest any desire to quit them. When they fled in large numbers, it has been always towards our lines, but so far as I can learn, it has been because of the efforts of their masters to take them off. This they resist, but they manifest no particularly vindictive spirit.

They complain of bad treatment, but I cannot learn that they display any desire to revenge themselves. They chuckle, indeed, with infinite glee over Southern disasters, they tell of the lies they told their former owners, of their pretences to love them, of their forced obedience; they believe in the power of the Unionist to overthrow the Southern rule; they are willing to act as guides or scouts, (occasionally) to work, to give all information; and the more intelligent they are the readier to aid us. But unless provoked by the foolish attempts of the rebels to carry them off, I doubt whether they will attempt any injury to the persons of the whites. The plundering indeed presages evil, but if the rebels set the example by firing their own cotton-houses, they need not be surprised to find it imitated. If they persist in their attempts at forcibly restraining the slaves and in firing at them, the worst consequences are likely to follow.

THE COTTON AT PORT ROYAL WASTED AND DESTROYED.—Extract of a letter dated Hilton Head, December 1:—

Gen. Sherman will not allow a pound of cotton to go, unless there is a *white* owner to buy it from. Cotton is used freely for 15,000 soldiers' beds, and is wasted and scattered rough in every direction. Cotton houses are full of the finest Sea Island cotton, and the negroes burn it up nightly by orders of their masters. Capt. Saxton, the chief quartermaster of the expedition, wants to take the cotton and load every return ship with it, but Gen. Sherman will not give his consent. Certain parties have hired the negroes about here to pick and gin cotton, paying them five cents a pound for their labor. General Sherman is in ill health, being badly afflicted with the dyspepsia.

Sherman seems to be the *wrong* man in a good place.

Arab's Dairy.—Dromedary.

FROM MISSOURI.

ECONOMIC MOVEMENTS OF THE REBELS.—GENERAL PRENTISS IN HARMONY.—REBEL REPORTS, &c.

Advices from the south-west say that Gen. McCulloch has gone into winter quarters on the Pea Ridge, near Bentonville, Benton county, Arkansas, where he is putting up barracks for his troops.

SPRINGFIELD, Dec. 6.—Our latest intelligence from the south is that Gen. Price has moved a part of his force from Osceola to a point five miles from Warsaw, where he has established his headquarters.

Gen. Rains commands the remainder at Osceola. Another was at Springfield with 8,000 men on Sunday last.

A train of 30 wagons from Lexington, laden with supplies for Price's army, passed encamped within fifteen miles of this town last.

There are four recruiting offices open in Springfield for enlistment for the war.

A number was held there last Friday, at which several prominent rebels spoke, urging a general rally of every able-bodied man to defend their homes. Many have been held in Clay county, where they are committing all sorts of outrages for money, clothing, &c., on citizens.

It is now perhaps generally known, but it is best to let it be known that the county courts of the counties of Jackson, Cass, Johnson, and Lafayette, have appropriated $200,000 each in July last, for the purpose of building railroads to be expended for the benefit of the counties.

Other counties along the Missouri river are believed to have done the same.

It is stated on good authority, that when Price was driven from Lexington, a deputation of the rebels went to him from the county with an urgent request that he would not allow the country to be overrun by rebels was contemplated. The reason for the request was that game dead was entertained by the inhabitants of that county of the plundering propensities of Price's rebels. The country around Lexington is the richest and most populous in the state, and has furnished nearly as many men and as much means in behalf of the rebellion as the balance of the state, while they have been almost entirely exempt from marauders, and have rarely been visited by the Federal troops.

On the 4th, a party of exasperated citizens of all parties attacked a gang of returned rebels from General Price's army, under Captain Young and Swartz, near Dunksburg, about twenty miles west of here, killing seven and wounding ten of them.

Capt. Young was among the wounded.

None of the citizens were killed or severely wounded. Three of the wounded rebels have since died.

KANSAS CITY, Dec. 6.—By order of Gen. Hunter Col. Jennison's regiment moved to a point midway between Kansas City and Lexington, yesterday. All commissioned officers have been here and Independence in search of the rebel Hays, with 300 men, visited Independence on Monday, and seized all the horses belonging to the Pacific Stage Company, and made a general confiscation of all property belonging to Union citizens.

ST. LOUIS, MO., Dec. 5.—Gen. Prentiss made a speech to a large crowd of citizens here yesterday, in which he said—"As God is my judge, every secessionist in this city shall take an oath of allegiance to the United States government, and support the stars and stripes, or I will send them to work on the trenches of Fort Smith. All persons who are hereafter found expressing secession sentiments will be arrested."

This speech caused great consternation among the secessionists, and was received with applause by the loyal citizens.

Troops were sent down to Platt county last night to look after L. J. Gordon's band of rebels.

The Memphis (Tenn.) papers have reports of great rebel successes in Missouri, including Montgomery's defeat and capture, but they seem to be all false.

NEWS ITEMS.

BY the steamer North American at Portland, we have later news from Europe. The case of the privateer Nashville, and the burned ship Harvey Birch, was attracting great attention in England. The crew of the latter declare that she was in soundings when taken. It is said that the Nashville had on board spare officers for rebel ships preparing in England. It is also stated that the rebel commander Pegram wants the Nashville that he may fit out a ship of war at Southampton, but there is trouble about this.

THE steamer Bavaria, which arrived at New York on the 6th, brought 60,000 stand of arms, purchased in Belgium for the U. S government.

THE President avows it to be his purpose to preserve a cautious and prudent policy in regard to our foreign relations. There need be no fear of a war with Great Britain unless the government of England seeks a pretext for hostilities. No anxiety on this subject is felt by the Administration.

SENATOR CRITTENDEN has arrived at Washington. He expresses unbounded faith that the rebellion will soon be crushed in Kentucky, Missouri and Tennessee. He believes the Union is now stronger than ever, and will soon be the strongest power on earth.

LIEUT. COL. REYNOLDS has been appointed resident agent at Port Royal, under the general regulations relative to securing and disposing of the property found or brought within the territory now, or hereafter to be, occupied by the United States in the disloyal states. He has been ordered to report to the Secretary of the Treasury.

LIEUT. HALL, of the Thirty-First New York, is under arrest at Washington for sleeping while on picket duty, and will probably be shot, unless pardoned by the President.

THERE are forty-six persons from Maryland and Virginia in the county jail, arrested by the constable on the presumption that they are fugitive slaves. A difficulty exists in the way of their immediate discharge, from the fact that it cannot yet be ascertained whether they are all contrabands, as the loyal citizens have the right to claim a surrender of their property.—*Washington Correspondence of Associated Press.*

GOVERNOR LETCHER, of Virginia, in his message, urges a forward movement, and says the banks of the Potomac is not the place to fight, but the struggle should take place on the banks of the Susquehanna.

A TELEGRAM from Nashville, dated the 3rd inst., says that General Floyd has fallen back to within thirty miles of the Virginia and East Tennessee railroad.

SAVANNAH, NOV. 4.—Sixteen of the enemy's ships are inside of the bar, and an attack on Fort Pulaski is hourly expected.—*Richmond Papers.*

THERE is to be a caucus of Republican members of Congress to decide on a line of policy to be pursued during the session. The object is to secure harmony in the support of the government in the war against the rebels. There is no denying the fact, that a large proportion of the Republican members come to Washington, considerably out of patience with the Administration.

BRUISED OUT.—The scotch vermin from Hilton's Head.

LATEST NEWS.

FROM KENTUCKY.

ADVANCE OF THE REBELS.—RETREAT OF GENERAL PRESTON.

LOUISVILLE, Dec. 7.—General Nelson has received and issued the following order, just received, states that the Union forces in front this side of Somerset are 10,000 strong, 10,000 strong, and that the rebels are retreating from Cumberland Ford.

The Democrat has an extra containing the following:

LOUISVILLE, Dec. 7.—Gen. Nelson has received and issued the following order, just received, states that the Union forces in front this side of Somerset are

MARY DONNELLY.

BY WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

Oh, lovely Mary Donnelly, it's you I love the best!
If fifty girls were round you, I'd hardly see the rest.
Be what it may the time of day, the place be where it will,
Sweet looks of Mary Donnelly, they bloom before me still.

Her nose is straight and handsome, her eyebrows lifted up;
Her chin is very neat and pert, and smooth like a china cup.
Her hair's the brag of Ireland, so weighty and so fine:
It's rolling down upon her neck, and gathered in a twine.

The dance o' last Whit-Monday night exceeded all before,
No pretty girl for miles about was missing from the floor;
But Mary kept the belt of love, and oh, but she was gay!
She danced a jig, she sung a song, that took my heart away.

When she stood up for dancing, her steps were so complete,
The music nearly killed itself to listen to her feet;
The fiddler moaned his blindness, he heard her so much praised,
But bless'd himself he wasn't deaf when once her voice she raised.

And evermore I'm whistling or lilting what you sung;
Your smile is always in my heart, your name beside my tongue;
But you've as many sweethearts as you'd count on both your hands,
And for myself there's not a thumb or little finger stands.

Oh, you're the flower o' womankind in country or in town;
The higher I exalt you, the lower I'm cast down.
If some great lord should come this way, and see your beauty bright,
And you to be his lady, I'd own it was but right.

Oh, lovely Mary Donnelly, your beauty's my distress;
It's far too beauteous to be mine, but I'll never wish it less.
The proudest place would fit your face, and I am poor and low;
But blessings be about you, dear, wherever you may go.

THE CAMP-FIRE APPARITION

"Forty years ago," said Uncle Bradley, as he, one cold winter's evening, sat before a bright, cheerful fire in his own comfortable dwelling, telling stories for the amusement and instruction of a happy group of young and eager listeners; "forty years ago, I settled for some time on the banks of one of the rivers of Africa. At that time I was twenty-two years of age, strong, robust, unmarried, in good spirits, a carpenter by trade, had a couple of hundred pounds in my possession, and was ready for any adventure that might turn up. The piece of land of which I took possession I bought cheap enough, and I determined on clearing a few acres, building myself a comfortable frame house, and then settling down there if I liked it. My object was to do a little trading with the darkies—to exchange showy handkerchiefs, rings, bracelets, and such like stuff, for the produce of the country. It was an odd, wild sort of life, but I was to be a sort of accredited agent of an English house, and might make a good thing of it. Wild enough it was, no doubt of that, and, moreover, as I had been informed that my property was at least thirty miles from the nearest settlement, and ten from the nearest dwelling, in a gloomy part of a great dark forest, where wild beasts were seen often enough to keep one's blood from getting sluggish, I thought it would be very fine and romantic to go and work there by myself, and become a sort of inland Robinson Crusoe.

"And now, my young friends, I am going to tell you of the one night I spent there.

"You must understand, though, first of all, that on the day of which I am now speaking, I had gone on a journey of a hundred miles to get to my 'estate,' as I proudly termed it, and, in company with a surveyor, had seen my land marked off, so that I could not mistake it; but as we had both ridden from the settlement, accomplished our business, and returned the same day, I had not yet slept upon my own premises.

"Having made purchases at the settlement of such tools, utensils, and provisions as I could not do without, even for the first few days, I got up before light one fine morning, and, putting them over each shoulder and under each arm, and otherwise strapping them to me and securing them about my person in the best way I could, I set off under a load that I fancied would do credit to a mule. I do not remember now all I carried that morning through a wild, rugged, pathless forest, over hill and down dale, and across two respectable streams, for ten long, weary miles,—but I can mention enough to show that I was a much bigger fool then than I flatter myself I shall ever be again.—First, there were my rifle and ammunition—indispensable articles, of course; then there were an axe, a spade and a crowbar—all light enough when I started but getting to weigh at least a hundred pounds each before I got to my destination; then there were a pot, a kettle, a frying-pan, a couple of tin cups and plates, a knife, fork, ladle, and spoon—for I must have the means of cooking; then there were a bag of flour, another of rye flour, a ham, a junk of salt pork, coffee, sugar, tea, salt and pepper—for perforce I must have something to live on; and then there were— But I fancy I have enumerated enough to let you see I was a pretty well loaded jack.

"Well, I reached my 'estate' about nine o'clock in the morning, having been four hours on the way, and so utterly fatigued, that I took another good hour to rest myself, before proceeding to get my breakfast. At length I collected some dry sticks and brush, started a fire, boiled some coffee, mixed up a sort of nondescript cake and baked it, fried a piece of ham, and, using the trunk of a fallen tree for a table, one of my blankets for a table-cloth, and a stone for a seat, I sat down to the first meal I ever cooked in the wilderness. And mighty good eating it was, too, I tell you—for hunger is a great seasoner—and even poor fare has a fine relish when eaten in the open air, and especially in the solitude of the great forest.

"As I sat devouring my first meal from that fallen tree, monarch, for the time at least, of all I surveyed—with great trees spreading a canopy over my head—the fruitful earth teeming beneath my feet—a gentle stream murmuring along beside me—a light breeze playing with the leaves, sighing gently among the trees, and softly fanning my brow—gay, beautiful birds flying hither and thither, and singing sweetly all around me—the bright sun pouring down through the clear, blue arch of heaven, and crinkling sportively among the green foliage,—as I sat eating there, I say, amid this combination of charming sights and sounds, feeling myself in truth an independent 'monarch of all I surveyed,' I thought the hermit's life of solitude must be one of the most delightful in the world, and that I had just succeeded in reaching an earthly paradise. This act convinces me now, on looking back to it, that a man can be as much of a fool at any age over a new pleasure, as a child over a new toy.

"Remembering, however, as I went on with my meal, that as yet I had not a house on my grand estate in which to lay my head, and that it was never part of my design to sleep in the open air, where, besides the chances of taking cold and getting a touch of rheumatism, some prowling wild beast might venture to make his supper on my happy person, I hurried through my breakfast, and prepared for my work, determined upon having up some kind of a hut before the sun should take his leave of me.

"I selected my site near the summit of a hill, that commanded a fine view of the lower lands in the direction of the settlement, and within a few yards of a clear, cold spring, that bubbled up in the centre of a dense thicket, and ran purling away down the declivity. Then I set to work in earnest, first cutting down the trees, and then cutting them up for my dwelling.

"I worked hard all the rest of that day, and by night I had up a very good skeleton of a rather primitive sort of a cabin. It was not, of course, intended as any sort of protection against a human enemy, but only as a safeguard against the weather and wild beasts, till such time as I could complete the frame house I intended to build; yet weak and temporary as was its original design, it did not possess even that much strength in its unfinished state—for, when the sun went down, it had nothing in the shape of a door to close against any nocturnal visitant.

"This, however, did not give me much uneasiness, as I believed that, with logs, sticks, and brush, I could readily make the place secure against any four-footed animals; and being both tired and hungry, I proceeded to kindle a fire in front of the open doorway, and cook my evening meal.

"Now up to this time I had been very happy and contented, often thinking through the day how glorious it was to be so free and unrestrained, and independent of every human being, and asking myself if I should ever tire of such a life, even were I to live to see the frosts of age; but suddenly, I knew not why, a dark shadow began to steal over my spirit, along with the shadows of the coming night that were stealing over the earth. I looked up and around with a peculiar chilling sensation, as if expecting to see something fearful, just as one is apt to feel when walking alone, in the dead of night, beside a country grave-yard, after having been excitedly entertained for the last two hours with most wonderful ghost stories.

"Ugh! how chilly and disagreeable I did feel, sure enough!

DOMINGO ON THE SCENT.

[See the Story of the Indian Scout.]

"Around me was a wall of woods and dense thickets; and only in one direction, down over the lowlands I have mentioned, could I see any distance; but even here, the deep veil of night, like a cloud of mist, was being gradually drawn over the scene, and the more distant objects were every moment fading from my view. Then all the happy, joyous sounds of day had become so still, as if even nature were holding her breath, as if in expectation of something awful! The breeze had ceased with the setting sun, and every leaf hung motionless, and the flame of my fire burned straight upward, just sufficiently wavering its red tongues to make strange, fantastic shadows dance upon the uneven forest wall, against which it flashed with different degrees of light. The gay birds no longer fluttered and twittered and sung, but had all gone off to rest; and the drowsy hum of the day insects was no longer heard: but instead of these the hoarse croakings of the marsh denizens, and now and then a deep, mysterious sigh, as if all nature were sad and sorrowful, filled the mind with a painful sense of dreariness and desolation.

"As the dark shadows of night deepened and grew blacker and more black, I began to grow restless and uneasy—to feel as if something horrible was creeping or gathering around me; and when, with a mental 'pshaw!' I compelled my nerves to be calm and steady, and turned my head from side to side with a bold, quiet look, I almost expected my eyes to fasten upon some gigantic and monstrous shape, perhaps resembling nothing that mortal eye had ever gazed upon before. I no longer envied the lonely life of the hermit—no longer gloried in the solitary freedom of an Alexander Selkirk—but felt I would have given much for the presence of some tried companion. The truth is, though I was loth to own it even to myself, I was becoming scared—fearfully frightened; and when there suddenly came to my ears the startling howl of some prowling wild beast, I sprung to my feet, with my supper half eaten, hurried all my little stock of goods and provisions into my cabin, hurled on a few logs and brush upon my fire, and got everything ready for closing up my door against intrusion.

"But to be fully prepared for a sudden emergency, I now examined my rifle, emptied the priming, and put in fresh, and was on the point of adding a second ball—standing the while inside my cabin, before the still open door, with the ruddy fire-light flashing full upon me and revealing my whole person—when suddenly the great forest resounded with a most wild, prolonged, unearthly shriek, that seemed to proceed from a dense, dark thicket right before me, on the other side of the burning pile. What a shriek!—what an unnatural, unearthly shriek!—it seems as if I can hear it yet; and in an instant I felt the blood rush to my heart, my knees quiver, my whole nervous system relax, and the perspiration of terror stream from every pore.

"I stood my ground, however; for what else could I do? There was no alternative; and, with what little strength there was left me, I brought my rifle into a position to fire upon whatever should appear, whether of this world or the other—man, animal, or spirit from the other world.

"For some minutes a deep and awful stillness prevailed, as if all other sounds had been swallowed up in that one, and hurled outward into eternal space; and all that time I stood like a quaking aspen, with my eyes riveted and glaring upon the black thicket, where the flickering flame made monstrous, unshaped shadows dance like demons. And then, just when I had begun to reason to myself that perhaps, by some unknown law, my startled fancy had created to my interior sense the sounds which I had not really heard, and which had never had existence, that same wild, unearthly shriek came forth again, and ended with a shrill, mocking, demoniac laugh, that seemed to float and dance in the air above.

"I sank down upon my knees, too weak and terrified to stand upright.

"Bringing forward my rifle so as to rest and point straight through the open door toward the fire and the black thicket beyond, and glaring outward to behold whatever fearful shape or phantom might appear, I remained there immoveable, like a human being transformed to stone.

"And then and there, my young friends, I saw a sight which almost froze my blood, and which is before my mental vision now as clearly as it was before my mortal vision then, and which I shall carry as vividly to my grave. It was a head, apparently a human head, with a great shock of bristling hair, that spread out every way, and rolled shaggily down over a low, receding forehead, and joined with long, shaggy eyebrows, above eyes that were large, wild, black, and fiery. There was but little nose, the face just there seemed to be hollow and skull-like; but there were high, protruding cheek bones, covered with a withered and hairy skin. The mouth was immensely large, with thick, flabby lips, and tremendous jaws, resembling those of some wild beast, while the whole of the face seemed to me to be covered with hair.

"And this awful head, protruding above the burning pile, whose ruddy, flickering glare gave it a most ghastly and unearthly appearance, and whose playing shadows seemed to contort the face into the hideous grinning of a demon—this awful head, I say, fixed its awful eyes upon me, and there remained, motionless as a rock, a living incubus, for a period that seemed an age to me, who was compelled to sit and stare back, fearing to move, lest it should up and leap upon me, and not daring to fire, lest I should miss my aim, and be wholly at its mercy.

"At last, slowly, slowly, almost imperceptibly, I saw the huge shock head rising above the crackling flame, bringing up a hairy breast and arms, and hands whose long, bony fingers and nails looked rather like the claws of a beast; and then, when it had gained an erect posture, in the form of a human being, it began to move around the fire toward me, with a motion so slow as scarcely to be perceived, keeping those wild, fiery black eyes all the time riveted upon, and fairly burning into mine.

"Slowly, slowly, almost imperceptibly, this apparently human monster, naked and covered with hair, a perfect gorgon, drew nearer and nearer to me; while I, like one spell-bound, paralysed but conscious, prayed heaven that my senses might not desert me, and that my good rifle might not fail me when I should pull the trigger. Nearer, nearer, till only a few feet divided us, and then click went the lock, and, horror of horrors! the piece missed fire.

"With a wild yell I leaped to my feet, knife in hand, to rush upon my foe, when, with a shriek and a laugh that curdled my blood, he wheeled and bounded away into the surrounding darkness, passing for ever from my sight.

"As may readily be believed, I did not sleep that night; and the next morning saw me, pale and haggard, on my way to the English settlement, as I had fairly given up all further idea of remaining in Africa, but to take French leave of the wilderness, firmly resolved to spend the rest of my life among civilized beings in respectable society, and let those turn hermits who might chance to possess no better sense than I left home with.

"In explanation of what I saw, I will merely add, that I now entertain no doubt whatever, that my terrible visitor was one of those formidable animals, the Gorillas, about which we have recently heard so much. The description I have read of the brute confirms me in the impression that the apparition was a Gorilla—a live Gorilla—and nothing but a Gorilla!"

☞ Kerosene as an illuminator costs, it is said, only one-third the price of gas. A man in Chelsea insists upon it that it is twenty-five per cent. cheaper than daylight.

☞ Natural Shampooing.—Letters from Port Royal state that the back part of "Hilton's Head" is washed by "Skull Creek."

A ROYAL COURTSHIP.

The late Empress of Russia, when a girl, received a very small and antique ring from her governess as a present. About a year after the occurrence, the Court received a visit from the Grand-Duke Nicholas, the brother of the Emperor Alexander, and who, at that time, was not the heir expectant to the crown. The Grand-Duke saw the Princess, and with the quick resolve native to his disposition, immediately determined to ask her in marriage. One day, as he was seated by her side at the royal dinner-table, he spoke to her of his forthcoming departure, adding, that it depended upon her whether or not his stay in Berlin should be prolonged.

"What shall I do, then, to influence your intentions?" was the reply of the smiling Princess.

"You must not refuse to receive my addresses," immediately returned the out-spoken Nicholas.

"You ask much."

"I ask even more. You ought to give me some encouragement in my endeavors to please you."

"That is still more difficult. Besides, the moment is not well chosen to ask for a favor."

"I beg your Royal Highness to give me a sign that I am not totally indifferent to you. You have a little ring on your finger, the possession of which would render me happy. I beseech you to give me the ring."

"What! give a ring at the dinner-table, and in the presence of all these people?"

"Let me see—press it into this piece of bread and give it to me."

And press the ring into this piece of bread she did, and gave it to the future Emperor. Nicholas took an early opportunity to leave the hall, and exhuming the treasure from its wheaten tomb, discovered an inscription on the inner side in French, and running to the following effect: *L'Imperatric de la Russie.*" He is said to have worn the keepsake for the rest of his days, attached to a chain round his neck, the ring being, of course, too small for any of his colossal fingers. The future Empress, it seems, had been unconsciously wearing for some time the emblem of her future greatness.

HE WENT TO SEEK HIS FORTUNE.

He went to seek his fortune, girls,
And such a search had he;
He wander'd east—he wander'd west—
By land, and mount, and sea:
When every shore he'd travelled o'er,
And proved it vain to roam,
He turn'd about, where he set out,
And found it *nearer home!*
And found it nearer home, my girls,
Away from shore and sea;
For *Fortune's* gate is fixed as Fate
Till *woman* finds the key!

So *I* became his fortune, girls,
His dearest wealth in life;
And oft he's told, the best of gold
Was in a careful wife!—
He wonders yet, how he could set
On such a quest to roam;—
For 'tis confest that fortune's chest
Is ever found at home!
Is ever found at home, my girls,
Away from shore and sea;
Though Fortune's box had *double* locks,
We, girls, would find the key!

EFFECT OF ALIEN NURSING.

Amidst the mysteries of the human constitution, it is a new idea, but not without some plausibility, that an infant nursed by a woman not his mother, will contract some share of any marked characteristic belonging to her. He will be the child, not of his parents only, but of them and of the third person from whom he has derived his first nourishment. The brave are produced by the brave, the good by the good; so declares the old adage. But sometimes a worthy couple, living in comfortable circumstances, striving to set a good example before their children, and spending much on the education of the young people, find that some one of their sons is utterly uncontrollable and worthless, runs away from all schools, enlists, goes a-tinkering, becomes, in short, the *black sheep of the family.* Some observation of cases leads the writer of these lines to suggest a possible explanation in the character of a hired nurse. It seems, on physiological grounds, not unreasonable to suppose that the new being is not exactly completed at birth, like some of the lower animals, but is only so after a due period of lactation.

After this note was set down, the writer lighted upon a passage in a book, of which but a limited impression was taken,* expressing similar views, which had been entertained by the wife of Sir James Steuart, of Coltness, Lord Provost of Edinburgh in 1650. Lady Steuart steadily declined the offer of her husband to have her children sent out to hireling nurses, saying:—"She should never think her child wholly her own when another discharged the most part of a mother's duty, and by wrong nourishment to her tender babe, might induce wrong habits, or noxious diseases." She added:—"I have often seen children take more a strain of their nurse than from either parent."

* *Coltness Collections*, printed for Maitland Club, 1842.

Great Men.—Alexander had a wry neck; William the Conqueror, in his latter days, was scarcely able to move from corpulency. Hannibal and Philip of Macedon had but an eye apiece. Cæsar and Mahomet were troubled with the falling sickness; and the northern hero, Odin, is said to have been little else than a compound of disease. When Voltaire was first introduced into the Russian palace, he was desired to enter a closet, where he found a little withered figure, under the clothes, shivering with the ague—it was Frederick the Great.

A SCOTTISH COVENANTER.

In glancing anew over Sir Walter Scott's "Tales of a Grandfather," we were reminded of the days of Cameronian persecution, two centuries ago. Brown the Cameronian was by profession a carrier, and from his zealous religious principles was called the Christian Carrier. In May, 1685, Peden, one of the Cameronian ministers, was tracked to Brown's house, but escaped his pursuers, saying to Brown's wife as he left, "Poor woman! a fearful morning—a dark and misty morning"—as indeed it proved to her directly after. To follow Scott's narrative:

"When Peden was gone, Brown left his house with a spade in his hand for ordinary labor, when he was suddenly surrounded and arrested by a band of horse with Claverhouse at their head. Although the prisoner had a hesitation in his speech on ordinary occasions, he answered the questions which were put to him in this extremity with such composure and firmness, that Claverhouse asked whether he was a preacher. He was answered in the negative. 'If he has not preached,' said Claverhouse, 'mickle hath he prayed in his time. But betake you now to your prayers for the last time,' addressing the sufferers, 'for you shall presently die.' The poor man kneeled down and prayed with zeal; and when he was touching on the political state of the country, and praying that Heaven would spare a remnant, Claverhouse interrupting him said, 'I gave you leave to pray, and you are preaching.' 'Sir,' answered the prisoner, turning toward his judge on his knees, 'you know nothing either of preaching or praying, if you call what I now say preaching;' then continued without confusion. When his devotions were ended, Claverhouse commanded him to bid good-night to his wife and children. Brown turned toward them, and taking his wife by the hand, told her that the hour was come which he had spoken of when he first asked her consent to marry him. The poor woman answered firmly, 'In this cause I am willing to resign you.' 'Then I have nothing to do, save to die,' he replied, 'and I thank God I have been in a frame to meet death for many years.' He was shot dead by a party of soldiers at the end of his own house."

The heroism of Brown's wife even surpassed his own. The brutal Claverhouse mocked and taunted her, as she stood horror-stricken at the terrible scene, with the corpse of her husband lying beside her, and her fatherless infant in her arms. But having boldly challenged the judgment of Heaven upon Claverhouse for his crime, "she placed the child on the ground, tied up the corpse's head, and straightened the limbs, and covered him with her plaid, and sat down and wept over him." Such names live for other generations.

THE OSTRICH.

A careful study of the habits of many birds and quadrupeds have dissipated the old fables which have long had possession of the public mind, being retailed by Goldsmith and others, who did not write from personal knowledge. The Child's Paper, in correcting such a tradition about the ostrich, gives a pleasant sketch of the famous bird.

The ostrich is sometimes called the camel-bird, because it dwells in waste and solitary places, and can go a long while without water. You have perhaps heard it called a "silly bird," because it was said that when pursued it often pokes its head into the sand, and imagines itself hid, forgetting that all the while its big body is exposed to sight, offering a fine mark to the hunter. A better acquaintance with the ostrich corrects this scandal. On the contrary, it is one of the wariest of birds; besides, it could not live with its nose in the sand any better than we could.

It always keeps a sharp lookout for danger, and for this reason it is almost impossible to take one alive. In order to get a shot at one, the hunter has to dig a hole near the pools or brooks where they come to drink, in which he hides, and then shoots one if he can. The least movement or noise startles them, and they are off with the speed of an antelope. You know they outrun the swiftest horse; with a foot something like a camel's, having a soft pad underneath, and only two toes, one seven inches long, with a great claw, the other four inches and no claw.

You have seen their eggs, perhaps; cream-colored and very large; one would hold a quart of water. They lay their eggs in the sand; but they do not leave the sun to hatch, or the hot sand to nurse them; mother ostrich carefully tends all she can; the rest of the eggs—a nest often contains thirty or forty—she rolls one side, and these afford food to the little ones when they are hatched.

The bird is very tall, seven or eight feet high, and each of its wings is a yard long when the feathers are stretched out; but for all that, it cannot fly.

Ugliness.—It is curious to observe that an ugly face is generally the indication of a humorous and witty mind; it suggests innumerable exhilirating wittcisms in the wearer himself, and is the cause of wit to others. There is scarcely a merry, shrewd, witty fellow, in fictitious history, but has the honor of ugliness attributed to him. Æsop was a very ugly little hunchback; uglier still was Socrates, no less a man of wit, and a man of humor than a philosopher. The heroes of Rabelais were famous for personal deformity. Sancho Panza, his master, and Rosinante, were in their several conditions absolutely patterns of this interesting qualification. Hudibras and Ralpho were still more conspicuously ugly. Scarron, the favorite wit of France, was the most deformed little creature a lovely woman ever allowed herself to be coupled to.

☞ An American poet talks of the music of a low wind. The wind is often low, and very few of the poets can raise it.

MY LOVE AND I.

No dazzling light on the wearisome night
Is my chosen one to me,
But her love is a star, that lights afar
On the dark and troubled sea.
When the shadows of night go flitting by,
And the sun sinks down in the Western sky,
We walk together, we talk together,
My Love and I.

My neighbor, they say, just over the way,
Has a wife worth a dozen of mine;
A beautiful thing, she can dance and sing,
And while away her time.
Haughty in spirit, purse-proud and high,
Her fretted steeds go dashing by;
We walk together, we talk together,
My Love and I.

She is not fair, no ringlets of hair
Fall bewitchingly over her brow,
But this do I know, wherever I go,
She is more than my life to me now.
She paints the blue of our household sky,
As the hours of toil go merrily by;
We walk together, we talk together,
My Love and I.

She brought no wealth, save an honest health,
And a cheek of rosy hue,
A spirit so kind, with a wealth of mind
That is given to the few.
There's a summer warmth in the blue of her eye,
That tells that the harvest of mirth is nigh.
We walk together, we talk together,
My Love and I.

A household joy is our petted boy,
A beautiful link in our band;
A rainbow of light on the bosom of night,
A dream of a happier land.
In the evening rambles he frolics by,
With a world of joy in his laughing eye,
We walk together, we talk together,
My Love and I.

But shadows will come, in the brightest home,
And the troubles gather round;
And the eyes so bright, and forms so light,
Lie silent within the ground.
But oh! I trust in the world on high,
On the shores of the river drawing nigh,
To walk together, to talk together,
My Love and I.

THE LADY LISLE.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

ON THE TRAMP.

On a cross road, about twenty miles from Liverpool, on the London side of that seaport, a man toiled under the meridian heat of a blazing July day. His smock frock hung about him in tatters; his hobnailed boots scarcely held together upon his weary feet; the felt hat which he wore slouched over his dark face had evidently been battered about in so many storms that every trace of its original shape was for ever lost. He carried a pitiful little wallet, hanging to a thick staff. The man himself had seen no small amount of foul weather. But for the thoroughly English oaths, which every now and then escaped in muttered execrations from his lips, you would have taken him for a native of some southern climate, so bronzed was his face from constant exposure to the burning sun. Though the road on which he tramped along was very lonely, being, in fact, more of a lane than a road, he sneaked along with a skulking walk, always keeping close to the hedge, as if he had a fear of being seen by some dire foe. He was not the most prepossessing of men, and I think, had you come upon him suddenly in that lonely lane, you would have felt a certain vague alarm for the safety of your watch and purse, if not for the security of your life. The lane, too, had something of a cut-throat air about it. A convenient lane for foul deeds and villainous attacks upon innocent men. A lane, bordered on either side with deep ditches, in which the water was so stagnant, and so overhung with weeds and rotting fungi, that a dead man might have lain hidden under the rank herbage, and no passer-by have been the wiser for his ghastly presence. At one end of this lane there was a hillock, upon which, in the good old times gone by, many a malefactor had been hung in chains, making himself in death, as he had been in life, the terror of the country side; by reason of which the spot is to this day called Gibbet Hill.

It was at the foot of this Gibbet Hill that the weary passenger flung himself down to rest, uttering, as he did so, another of those execrations by means of which he had contrived to relieve the monotony of the road. He took from his wallet a wretched bone and some morsels of bread, and, opening a clasp knife of murderous dimensions, set to work at his miserable meal.

When he had scraped the bone so clean that the hungriest cur prowling in a gutter would have spurned even to inspect it, he shut his knife, put it into his breast pocket, and, flinging himself upon the flat of his back, with his hat over his face to screen him from the blazing sun, took a screw of tobacco from his waistcoat pocket, and began to fill a blackened clay pipe which he had carried in the band of his battered hat.

"Nigh upon two hundred miles from where I want to go," he muttered, in a sulky growl; "foot sore and broken down, tired and hungry, with about three shillin' in my pocket to take me them two hundred miles. It does seem hard."

He garnished this speech with so many oaths, that he made it nearly double the length at which it is written here, and then, having lighted his pipe, began to smoke short angry puffs, as if he owed the tobacco a grudge, and was struggling fiercely to get the better of it. By this means he finished his pipe in no time, and, as his diminutive stock of the soothing weed obliged him to be economical, he stuck the little bit of blackened clay into his hatband, and composed himself to sleep.

He had slept some time when he was awakened by the barking of a dog close at his heels.

He opened his eyes with one of his favorite oaths, and, looking up, saw a stalwart gipsy, seated on a donkey, in the roadway before the hillock, contemplating him earnestly.

"Hullos, mate," he said, good-naturedly, "ain't you a good 'un to snore, that's all?"

"Call off that varmint of a dog of yourn, will yer?" roared out the awakened traveller; "unless you want me to brain him for you."

But he was so enfeebled by his long tramp, that he exhausted himself with his angry vehemence, and fell back upon the grass, impotent to do any mischief.

"You wake up uncommon savage, comrade," said the gipsy, dangling his long legs over the sides of his donkey, until his feet touched the ground. "But you don't look over strong, my friend; you've been on the tramp some time, I take it, and you're rather tired."

"I *am* tired," answered the other, fiercely, "and I *am* savage. Why must you needs come rousing me out of the only bit of sleep I've had these fourteen hours? I was happy while I was asleep, for I was dreamin'."

"Was you dreamin' you'd got some wittles?" asked the gipsy, laughing. He had had a good dinner himself an hour or two before, and he laughed quite pleasantly at the other man's lantern jaws, and hungry, hollow eyes.

"No, I wasn't," growled the tramp; "I was dreamin' of somethin' sweeter than wittles; though, Lord knows, I'm hungry enough to think 'em sweet, though they was the coarsest meat as ever a fine gentleman set before his fox-hounds. I was dreamin' of that which is sweeter than food, or drink, or money, or love, or sleep, or peace—sweeter than life a'most—I was dreamin' that I had my revenge."

In the fervor of his passion he rose from his reclining position, and struck his staff violently upon the ground.

"Why, Lord save us!" cried the gipsy, "what a regular savage one you are. I wouldn't like to offend you."

"Let them beware as has offended me, that's all!" said the other.

"You look awful bad," muttered the gipsy, as he stared full at the haggard face of the wayfarer.

"I am awful bad," he answered, moodily, "and I've been worse, and I may be worse again; but for all that, I'll go through with it. I've had a fever that laid me days and nights stretched on my back on a heap of rags, in a hole not fit for that dog to lie in; but still I've gone through with it. I've had rheumatism, till this carcase of mine seemed nothing but one wretched bag of aches and pains; but still I've gone on with it. Strike me blind and lame," he cried, with increasing fury in every word he uttered, "strike me blind and lame if I turn from it now that I've got so near the end!"

He was so weak that his voice broke at the last words, and he began to cough violently.

"I'll tell you what, mate," said the gipsy, who was a fine, bold-looking fellow, a contrast in every way to the other man, "you seem a deal too bad to be on the tramp today. Our people's place is right again here, and I dare say, with a word or two from me, and if you'll keep a civil tongue in your head yerself, they'll be willing enough to give you a night's lodging."

The tramp gave a sulky acceptance to this kind offer, and the gipsy, dismounting from his donkey, told the other to get upon the animal.

"You're fit to drop," he said, "I know.—*I'm* strong enough; it'll do me good to stretch my legs a bit."

The gipsy encampment was in a corner of the lane, about a mile from where the tramp had been lying. A pleasant, shady spot, overhung with elders and pollard willows, with a thick screen of great beeches towering above them, and with a reedy pool below. Here, among grass and rushes, lay two or three men, smoking lazily, and making mats. A couple of dogs were on guard, under a covered van, and a woman was sitting upon one of the shafts, peeling potatoes. Another woman, younger and handsomer than her companion, lay asleep, with her head upon an old shawl.

With the exception of this sleeper, they all looked up as the gipsy and the tramp approached.

"Hullos, Abraham!" cried one of the men, "who have you got there?"

"A tramp as I've picked up asleep under Gibbet Hill, and as it would be a charity to give a mouthful of victuals and a night's rest. Are you agreeable, Ben?"

"As to that," said the man, "we sin't got much, but what we have he's free to take his share of. Don't wake Britannia. Poor lass! she's just dropped off quiet, and it ain't often she sleeps much."

The tramp wondered why the man spoke of the sleeping girl with so much consideration. She was very handsome, but looked haggard and careworn. The lines about her thin lips were painfully compressed, and there were dark hollow circles round her closed eyes.

"You might lend a hand with these mats, comrade, between this and supper-time," said one of the men. "By-the-bye, what's your name?"

The man scratched his head thoughtfully for a few moments, as if half doubtful whether or not to answer the gipsy's question.

"John Andrews," he said, curtly.

"John Andrews. And how do you pick up your living, Muster Andrews?"

"Sometimes one way, and sometimes another; scarcely any way lately. I've been starvin' more than livin' for the last few months; but I'll go through with it."

He said this, not to the gipsy, but to himself. His hollow eyes seemed a-blaze with an evil sparkle, as if he had some shut up fiend in his breast that kept him up, and gave him strength through everything. He sat down presently, and gave a hand with the mats, as the man had requested him. Doing it awkwardly enough, his great, coarse fingers boggling strangely with the woven rushes; but, after his sulky fashion, he worked pretty willingly, and the men were satisfied. At dusk, the woman who had peeled the potatoes, poured some savory mess out of a pot that had hung over a wood fire by the side of the van, and taking out a stone jug of beer from the headquarters of the little company, told the men that supper was ready.

John Andrews's eyes shone with a hungry glare as he smelt the homely food, and he watched the woman doling out the mess into half-a-dozen tin plates, with the ravenous impatience of a half-starved tiger.

The girl who had been asleep all the evening, opened her eyes at the noise of the rating of the plates, and looked about her.

"Come, Britannia," said the man they called Abraham, "come, my lass, you've had a good sleep: wake up, and eat a bit of supper."

"I ain't hungry," she answered, shaking her head in a weary, pre-occupied manner. "You are all on you very good to me; but I don't need it; I only want to get *there*." She looked straight before her at the low purple horizon line, with luminous eyes and compressed lips, rigid as though they had been cut out of stone. "I only want to get *there!*"

The men looked from one to the other.—Vague as her speech was, they evidently understood its meaning.

She eat nothing but a crust of bread and cheese, which the other woman pressed upon her; but the men did good justice to the stew of meat and vegetables, and John Andrews devoured every morsel that fell in his way.

"And now, comrade," said one of the gipsies, as they lighted their pipes, and settled themselves for an after-supper smoke, "what may be your intentions after to-night?"

"To go on," answered John Andrews, resolutely.

"On the tramp?"

"Yes, on the tramp."

"Then why not keep along with us? We could make you useful, one way and another, for I suppose you are not over particular what you turn your hand to?"

"No, not over particular, Lord knows!" answered Mr. Andrews, with a sinister grin.

"Then why not keep along with us?" urged the other.

"Because there's only one way in all England that it'll suit me to go, and it ain't very likely you're a goin' that way."

"No more it ain't," muttered the gipsy, reflectively. "We're a goin' a pretty long step, too, and what's more, we ain't a goin' so much along of business as to please a fancy of that poor lass there. We're a goin' to some races on the other side of London."

"*I'm* a goin' to the other side of London," muttered John Andrews.

"We're a goin' to some races in Sussex. We was there last fall, and we picked up a good bit one way and another; but we had a misfortune that has well nigh turned the brain of yon poor lass—"

"What part of Sussex, man?" said John Andrews, impatiently. "Never mind the girl—what part of Sussex?"

"Chilton Downe, ten mile from Chichester."

It was nearly dark, and the men only saw each other's faces by the brief glare of a lucifer match, when one of the party lighted his pipe. John Andrews did not speak for some moments, and when he did, it was only to say, quietly,—

"I'll keep along with you, comrades."

The men shook hands all round after this; the gipsies with honest good-will and friendliness, the tramp with the self-restrained, moody manner peculiar to him, as if the fiend shut up in his breast forbade his holding much communion with his fellow-men.

Later in the evening, he said, as if the thought had only just struck him,

"Why does yon lass want to go to Chilton Downs?"

"On account of a poor sister of hers, as is dead and gone, and as lays buried not far from there," answered Abraham, the gipsy.

The young woman caught at the words, though she had heard nothing else that the man had said.

"A beautiful girl," she murmured, "a beautiful girl, not eighteen years old, and with as true a heart as ever beat. My poor Susannah! my poor Susannah!"

She buried her face in her hands, and moaned aloud, rocking herself to and fro.

"Why does she take on so about her sister?" asked Andrews.

"It's a long story, mate," said Abraham, "but may be I'll tell it you when we've been together a bit longer. It's not a tale one likes to tell strangers, somehow."

The woman lifted her head, and looked with flashing eyes at the little group.

"It should be told to all the world," she cried; "it should be told under the open sky to all the multitudes of the wide earth. The cruel, wicked, shameful, pitiful story! But you'll take me there, won't you?" she said, imploringly. "You've sworn, Abraham, that you'd take me there."

"I will, lass; I'll keep my word."

"And you'll set me face to face with him?"

"Face to face."

"Bless you, Abraham, for a good and true lad."

Exhausted with her passion and grief, she threw herself upon the ground again, and fell into a restless slumber.

"She's a little touched, ain't she?" muttered Andrews, putting his hand to his head.

"A little, I'm afraid, poor wench. She's had sorrow enough to turn the brain of the wisest upon the earth. Poor lass! she was to have been my wife, mate; and it's hard, somehow, to see her like that."

The men drank all the beer out of the stone jar, between them, and by the time the stars grew out of the grey skies, and the dark outline of the trees stood out sharp and black against the clear night, they had abandoned themselves to good fellowship. Even John Andrews seemed to forget, for a time, the demon shut up in his breast, and joined the merriment of the others with a boorish mirth of his own, well meant, no doubt, but by no means fascinating. Every now and then, too, he broke in upon the general conversation, by crying out,

"I'll keep along with you, mates,—I'll keep along with you!"

CHAPTER XXXIV.

WHY THE GIPSIES HATED SIR RUPERT LISLE.

The Chilton race-course lay high upon a great piece of common land, three miles from either town or village. A dreary place enough, except on race days. A favorite rendezvous for tramps and gipsies; but very little frequented by anybody else, except, indeed, when some farmer, returning from Chilton market, saved a quarter of a mile by driving across the steep hill, on the very summit of which was perched a dilapidated lath and plaster shed, which, on stormy days, rocked backwards and forwards with every blast, and which the simple country people proudly entitled the Grand Stand.

The races were held early in August, and on the first and second of the month the outskirts of the common began to be dotted here and there with covered vans, and tiny arched tents, beneath whose low roofs a man could only creep, lying full length upon the bed of fern and rushes, scattered under the canvas. Tethered horses munched the dewy grass at early morning, and melancholy donkeys, carrying penniless logs tied to their pastern joints, wandered disconsolately under the hedges, all the live-long day, cropping the verdant herbage.

Amongst the first of the wanderers who pitched their tents upon Chilton Common, came the very party with whom the tramp, John Andrews, had determined to keep company.

They came after dark, and chose a sheltered corner, far from the carriage-way, shut in from the footpath by a group of sycamores, that made a dark and spreading screen about the spot. A lonely and forgotten corner, far away from any other settlement, and only telling of its whereabouts by the faint column of blue smoke that floated upwards from the gipsies' fire.

"We're many friends, as will be here, maybe," Abraham said, when he and the other men chose the place; "but we don't want their company. For the sake of the poor lass here, it's best for us to keep to ourselves."

The poor lass was the girl they called Britannia. Once or twice, during their travels, John Andrews had tried, in his uncouth way, to get into conversation with her, and to worm himself into her confidence; but he was repulsed by that dark barrier of settled and gloomy despondency which seemed to separate her from the rest of the world. A blank wall of dull despair; a boundary beyond which it was hopeless to try to pass. I doubt if the gipsy girl even knew that there was a stranger in the little company. She spoke to John Andrews when he spoke to her; so far at least as to answer by a monosyllable some question which he had, perhaps, repeated three or four times; but she never turned her hollow eyes to his face, or relaxed a muscle of that stony countenance with which she looked alike on storm or sunshine, friend or foe. When they forced food upon her, she eat,—enough to sustain life, and no more. She only slept from sheer exhaustion, and her slumbers were agitated by cruel dreams, which shook her with convulsive agonies, that were strangely in contrast with her waking calm. The night they pitched their tents, at the end of their journey, John Andrews, for the second time, asked the secret of Britannia's despair.

"You said as how you'd tell me when we'd been longer together," he said to Abraham, "and we have been a good spell longer together since then; so I suppose you can tell me now."

"I will," cried the gipsy, with fierce energy. "Sometimes I like to tell it; sometimes it seems to do me good to tell it; sometimes I fancy that telling it is half way to being revenged upon them as did it. I will tell you, John Andrews."

The two men were lying on the ground, smoking their pipes, a little way apart from the other gipsies. Abraham rose as he spoke, and led the way to the end of a narrow lane, about a hundred yards from the tents, where there was a rustic stile. He seated himself upon the upper part of this stile, and motioned to Andrews to sit upon the lower step. He did so; and placing himself with his back to Abraham, and his elbows resting on his knees, refilled and lighted his pipe, preparatory to listening comfortably to the gipsy's story.

"Yon lass is rather a handsome lass, ain't she, mate?" said Abraham, abruptly; "least-ways, she was uncommon handsome before fretting night and day about cruel things as is past and gone (but not forgotten—the Lord knows they're not forgotten!) took the color out of her cheeks, and the light out of her eyes. She was a handsome girl once."

"I daresay she was," said John Andrews, rather impatiently. "Get on."

"She's no more like one as is lost and gone from us," cried the gipsy, with a sudden vehemence that startled his listener, "than the flowers that grows wild upon such commons as this are like them as is nursed, and reared, and tended day and night in the hot houses of your fine gentry. She's no more like her murdered sister than that lantern down by the tent yonder is like the star that's coming out, big and bright, in the sky opposite us. Poor girl! poor, murdered lass!"

"Murdered!"

"Why, look you, mate; there's murders as are never done with either a knife or a bullet, and is never tried at any earthly assizes; there's some murders, in which it's the soul that's killed, and not the body; and her murder was such as those."

* * * * *

"You haven't told me his name," said John Andrews.

"Never mind his name," muttered the gipsy.

"But I do mind his name," answered the other, with a strange eagerness; "and if you won't tell it me, I'll tell it you."

"You!" exclaimed Abraham; "how should you know it?"

"His name is Sir Rupert Lisle," answered Andrews, "and he lives at Lislewood Park, about nine miles from here, and the friend as you always see along with him was a stout chap in a yellow waistcoat, with yellow chains hanging all about it, and with yellow moustachios over his wicked mouth, and his name is Granville Varney, and he's the biggest villain as walks this sinful earth!" cried John Andrews, in one long breath, his voice rising with every word, until it ended in a savage scream.

"Curse him! curse him! curse him!" he shrieked, brandishing his awkward arms above his head.

"Why, mate!" cried Abraham, aghast, for his own rage had been as nothing to the fury of this strange man,—"mate, what's this?"

"It's that you and me are friends and bro thers from this out," said the other, "and that lass in there is my sister; for we're all working for the same end. And as to the other one," cried John Andrews, speaking more to himself than to the gipsy,—"as to the other one, if the young hound was under my foot to-night, I'd grind my iron heel upon his lying mouth, and trample him out of life, as I would his master. Lord knows, I haven't had much from him, and don't let him look to be spared by me, that's all!"

When the two men returned to the tents, John Andrews walked straight up to the spot where Britannia was seated, and kissed her on the forehead. I have said that the tramp was by no means a fascinating person, and even in her abstraction, the gipsy girl started indignantly at this familiarity.

"He's got a grudge against them as you know of, lass," said Abraham; "and he'd scarcely mind being the death of 'em, I think, by the way he went on just now."

"Wouldn't he!" cried the girl, holding up her parched lips; "kiss me, then,—kiss me, for we're fast friends!"

CHAPTER XXXV.

CHILTON RACES.

The race-going population in the neighborhood of Chilton opened their eyes upon bright sunshine on the morning of the 6th of August. A sky so blue and cloudless, that one looked at it with dazzled and blinking eyes, stretched itself out in an azure canopy over Chilton Common. Some gloomy spirits, vexed at the general joy, murmured that the day was much too fine to last, and that there would very likely be a storm before night; but the more cheerful pleasure-seekers defied these evil auguries, and, pointing to the white and dusty road, the sunlit streams and glowing sky, asked if those looked like rain.

There certainly was a great deal of dust upon the roads leading to Chilton Common; but I fancy that habit has made dust, in a manner, essential to the real race-goer. What would the road between Epsom and London be, when the Derby Stakes have been lost and won, but for a little dust to give it a relish? So the Sussex farmers drove their smart gigs and dogcarts gaily through white clouds that rose beneath the trampling hoofs of their stout cobs, and farmers' wives resigned themselves even to the spoiling of smart bonnets bought on purpose for the races.

The first race was run at one o'clock, and at exactly five minutes after one, as the number of the winner went up, and farmers who had lost and farmers who had one exchanged their money in the sacred precincts of the narrow pen below the stand, popularly called the ring, Sir Rupert Lisle's drag dashed on to the course, with Major Varney as charioteer, and the Baronet seated beside him, while, at one of the windows of the vehicle, beautiful, haughty, and defiant, appeared the dark face of Olivia Lisle. She always made a point of showing herself at these public places; it was as much as to say, "Who says I lead a wretched life with my husband? Who says I have sold myself for wealth that cannot give me happiness, and for a title which I carry as a burden and a disgrace? Look at me, and see how well I become my station, and how proudly I bear the position my husband cannot support!" Two of her sisters were seated with her in the Baronet's mail-coach, their pale faces and light hair helping to set off the glowing and dusky beauty of Olivia. They were born to be foils to her, and they knew it, and hated her because it was so. Their insipid manners, their stereotyped simpers, their boarding-school graces, all only made her bright vivacity appear more charming. Perhaps it was a comfort to them to think that, with all her advantages, she was not happy. They could watch the feverish lustre in her great, restless eyes, the nervous compression of her lips, the perpetual desire for society that carried her away from her home, and, if possible, out of herself.

The men flocked round her carriage as soon as it appeared upon the race-course. She could talk and laugh more gaily than the gayest there. The stout farmers' wives, who had not a care beyond the dairy or the pigsty, could scarcely be more radiant, or seem more happy. Some officers from Brighton Barracks had ridden over to Chilton Common—dashing dragoons, who ran right and left to find some one to introduce them to Lady Lisle, and who asked afterwards if that *cad* upon the box beside Varney, of the H.E.I.C.S., was really Sir Rupert.

The gipsies were in full force; brown faces, framed in bright blue and yellow bonnets, hovered about every carriage on the course. There were children, too, pretty gipsy children, with big black eyes, and crispy hair, for whom the women begged, now the claw of a lobster, now a handful of sandwiches, a silver sixpence, or a mug of champagne; under to be got than a draught of cold water upon Chilton race-course.

Abraham and the other men hung about the carriages, ready to hold a horse, or to brush the dust off a gentleman's coat, or to do anything to pick up a few dispences. Strange to say, the tramp, John Andrews, refused to join the group, or to show himself upon the race-course at all.

"I've got my reasons," he said, "and they're good 'uns, so let that satisfy you. I'll smoke at the mate, or I'll do anything or you like to put me in the tents, but I won't go outside of 'em while the races is going forward."

He kept his word, lying asleep half the day in the solitary nook where the gipsies had pitched their tent.

Amongst the dusky tribe, Britannia wandered, looking strangely wan and ghastly, in a battered bonnet, loaded with artificial flowers, and gaudy trumpery of lace and ribbons. It seemed as if a strange fascination held her to the neighborhood of Sir Rupert's carriage. If she left the spot for a few minutes, and attempted to exercise her craft in another part of the course, she seemed to be led back to it by some irresistible impulse, that brought her there against her will.

Olivia recognized her, and called her to the carriage window.

"You were here last year," she said.

"Yes, lady."

"But you are changed since then. Have you been ill?"

"Yes, lady."

"Very ill?"

"I have, lady. Ill in mind, more than in body. I'm but a bag of bones, as you may see, lady. I've wasted and wasted day by day, burning up my very flesh with fever and anguish; and it was only this morning, when I put on a gownd as I hadn't worn for a twelvemonth, that I knew I had changed."

"Poor thing! this is very sad. But where is your sister—your handsome sister, that was so like you—"

"Only handsomer, lady," interrupted the gipsy.

"Yes, she was very beautiful; one of the handsomest women I ever saw. You remember her, Laura?" added Lady Lisle, turning to her eldest sister; "but why is she not here this year, my good girl?"

"Because she's dead, lady," cried the gipsy, clenching her teeth, and her dusky cheeks changed to a greyish white.

"Dead!"

"Yes, lady, dead!"

There was something in the gipsy girl's face, some strange and ominous meaning in her voice, that made Olivia's heart sink with a vague terror.

"How did it happen? Tell me."

"God knows who did it, lady, and we know only too well; but the world will never know, for it's a cruel and a false world, and men's ears are deaf to the sins of a fine gentleman."

"I am very sorry to hear this," said Olivia, slipping a sovereign into the woman's hand. "I can scarcely tell you how sorry."

She said this to the gipsy girl with perfect sincerity, for she was grave and thoughtful for the rest of the day, so much so, that the heavy dragoons from Brighton went about whispering to each other that that superb creature, Lady Lisle, looked unhappy, and that very likely the *cad* ill-used her. After which, they consoled themselves by staring supercilliously at Sir Rupert, through eye-glasses that set their faces all awry, and rejoicing among themselves when he insisted upon being guided by his own judgment, and invariably put his money upon the worst horse on the course.

"Poor girl!" said Olivia to her sisters, who only sympathised with the gipsy's griefs by an inane smirk, which stood alike for compassion, admiration, sorrow, or joy. "Poor girl! she was such a beautiful creature, full of life and vivacity, only last year, and to think that she should have met with such a cruel fate. Through some villain, too. Why, good heavens, what a hideous earth it is; it seems only peopled with wretches!"

Later in the day, as they were preparing for the last race, Britannia, the gipsy, approached the carriage as Sir Rupert himself stood by the door, leaning with his elbow upon the cushions; not talking to his wife, or even looking at her, for he scarcely dared to do either; but taking up his stand by her side, and claiming his proprietorship in her, as it were, in the face of an admiring crowd.

He turned white as the gipsy girl came up to him. He had not seen her before that day, and he felt himself doubly weak as Major Varney was out of the way, fraternizing with the officers from Brighton, who were some of them known to him.

"Shall I tell you your fortune, my pretty gentleman?" she asked, looking the Baronet full in the face.

"No."

"Not if the gipsy could tell you all manner of strange things?" she said, significantly; "not if she could tell you what is past as well as what is to come, eh, sir?

"'Wickedness past, and the gallows to come,
For murder will out, though men were dumb.'"

"What's that!" cried Sir Rupert, savagely.

"A little bit of rhyme, that's all, my pretty gentleman. Lord, we gipsy folk know a lot of such like. Let me tell you your fortune."

"No," said the Baronet, "I tell you, no! Can't you take an answer when you get one? I suppose it's money you want; money for idle talk and foolery, such as only fools care for. Take it, then, and go about your business."

He took a sovereign from his pocket, and held it out in the palm of his gloved hand. The gipsy girl flew at him like a young tigress, struck the money from his open palm, and spat upon the glittering coin, as it lay on the ground at her feet.

"That's how I treat the gold of such as you," she screamed.

The people about stared aghast at this strange scene. The gipsy woman beside herself with passion; the Baronet red and pale by turns, and trembling with cowardly rage; and Lady Lisle's dark face looking out of the carriage window with a stony calmness.

"Curtis," cried Sir Rupert, to one of his grooms, who was busy behind the carriage packing some hampers; "Curtis, get me a policeman; I give this woman in charge."

The groom ran across to the other side of the course, where he saw the glimmer of a policeman's shiny hat. The gipsy woman never moved; she did not seem to have even heard the order given by Sir Rupert to his servant. She stood still and rigid, with her eyes fixed upon the ground.

"What are you going to do, Sir Rupert Lisle?" asked Olivia, looking full at her husband.

"To give this woman in charge."

"For what?"

"For having assaulted me."

He answered in his old sulky manner, still turning from red to pale, and from pale to red.

"I know this woman," said Lady Lisle, quietly, "and I knew her sister. You will not give the gipsy in charge, Sir Rupert?"

"Why not?"

"Because I forbid you to do so."

"Let her go, then!" cried Sir Rupert, suddenly. "Curtis, tell the policeman he's not wanted. My wife is so very soft-hearted that she'd rather see her husband insulted than let him take his own part. Go about your business," he added, turning fiercely upon the gipsy girl, "and let me hear no more of you, nor of your sister, nor any of your beggarly lot—do you hear?"

"I do," answered the girl, "and there are others that hear, too."

She went away, but, after walking a few paces, returned, and going close to the Baronet, said to him, in a voice that was hardly above a whisper—

"Sir Rupert Lisle, are you never frightened? Do you never, in the dark, still night, wake suddenly with a cold sweat upon your forehead, and a stiff, stark, drowned face staring at you out of the shadows round your bed? I do; I see that face often, in darkness and in sunshine; and, if it's terrible to me, what must it be to *you*?"

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

CAVALRY HORSES.

Many false statements and much false reasoning are perpetrated in regard to the character of the horses procured for our army. One writer attempts to show that the horses gathered on the Potomac are very inferior as compared to English cavalry horses, and another contends that in the present contest, "the best horses, as a general rule, will be in the hands and use of our foes." And yet the noted Mr. Russell, the London Times correspondent, has very highly praised our horses. The reason assigned why the horses of the rebels are better than those of our Government, is that they have more of the blood of the race-horse, or so-called "thorough bred." Reference is made in support of this notion, to the success of the English over the French, in several battles, and especially at Waterloo. The utter fallacy of this assumption will be seen when it is understood that the horses which are believed to have rendered such service to the English at Waterloo, were the heavy "household troops" which were, and have always been, to a great extent, bred on the Continent.

In reference to this matter, Youatt remarks, that a considerable change has been made in the English cavalry horse, by crossing with the thorough-bred, which, he says, was in some respects beneficial, "lightness and activity" being an improvement for "skirmishing and sudden attack." But he adds:—"There is danger, however, of carrying this too far. It was proved at the battle of Waterloo, that our *heavy household troops alone* were able to repulse the formidable charge of the French Guard."

It was in reference to these "heavy household troops," therefore, and not to the lighter charger of race-horse character, that Napoleon uttered the *heartfelt* exclamation, "See those terrible horses!" his own being literally trodden down!"

Would in not be as well for those wiseacres to wait till the horses of the Confederate and Federal armies have seen some service, before they decide so positively against our own?

PARSON BROWNLOW HEARD FROM—VICTORY IN TENNESSEE—BATTLE AT MORRISTOWN—HANGING OF UNION MEN.—A special dispatch to the Memphis papers of the 2nd gives an account of a great battle at Morristown, East Tennessee, between the Federal forces under Parson Brownlow and the rebels. The battle was fought on December 1st. The Federals were victorious. The rebel dispatch goes so far as to term it "the first Union victory."

Brownlow had 3,000 men.(?) The rebel force is not estimated. The rout of the rebels was total, according to their own showing.

The Memphis papers state that Henry Fry and Jacob M. Heasler, Unionists, were hung at Greenville, Tenn., on the 3rd of November, for bridge burning.

Major General Crittenden has arrived at Knoxville, to take command of the confederate forces.

THE SECRETARY OF TREASURY'S REPORT.—It is understood by financial people that the forthcoming report of the Secretary of the Treasury will present the banking system, the paper money system, and the government policy in respect to them in a light that will fasten the attention of the country upon it. The claim of the government to supply the circulating medium of all kinds will be presented impressively, on the ground of bank principle and expediency, and on constitutional right and financial necessity. No report from that or any other department of the government in the last half century has been more cautiously and earnestly elaborated. It will appear soon.

☞ The chivalry naturally make a poor show now their Pompe are disappearing.

THE ORIGINAL AND CORRECTED Copies of the Report of the Secretary of War.

The Washington correspondent of the *Philadelphia Inquirer* gives the following history of this affair:—

"Last Thursday (the Thursday before the meeting of Congress), Gen. Cameron completed his Report, and sent it to the printers without submitting it to the inspection of any one. On Sunday last it was completed, and proofs fell into the hands of *Gov.* Seward. He became very much alarmed, and on Monday morning a Cabinet council was called, and the President's Message, which had been completed on Sunday night, was also brought up.

"After a lengthy discussion, it was concluded to keep the Message back until Tuesday, and further consider the question. At another meeting on Monday night, Mr. Seward secured an interpolation of his ideas in the President's Message, *verbatim*, and the President's matter was *cut out*. Arranged in this way, it was sent in to Congress on Tuesday.

"In the meantime, Gen. Cameron was asked to change or moderate his Report. He refused, and up to 11 o'clock P. M., Tuesday, it was thought to be inevitable that either Gen. Cameron or Gov. Seward must leave the Cabinet, and an entire re-cast be made.

"The President finally settled it by going to Gen. Cameron and insisting upon his confining his Report to a statement of the past, and not dictate to Congress what they should do! Cameron insisted that his policy was correct, and must be carried out at once.—The President assured him that it did not follow, if he changed his Report, or left out any of it, that he must necessarily change his policy, but that he could carry it out, only let Congress take hold of the matter first.—With this understanding, General Cameron made an alteration, which we telegraphed you after midnight. It was requested of us that we would not publish the original copy, but as it has been made public in other sources, we append the original.

"Secretaries Welles and Chase both sided with General Cameron; but Welles would not make any fight on it, and would 'leave it to the President.' Chase, also, would not stand up to the fight, and Cameron consequently, at the last moment, modified it. In the meantime, it only remains for the Senate and House to dictate what shall be done."

The next day, the writer of the above account says:—"In our account of how we had two reports from the War Department, we erred slightly. General Cameron did not pen the substitute, but the President did it, and changed it to suit himself, but as General Cameron was cognizant of the fact, and submitted to it, we considered it perfectly correct to say he did it."

The following is the

ORIGINAL REPORT.

It has become a grave question for determination, what shall be done with the slaves abandoned by their owners on the track of our troops into Southern territory, as in the Beaufort district of South Carolina? The whole white population therein is 8,000, while the number of negroes exceeds 32,000. The panic which drove their masters in wild confusion from their homes, leaves them in undisputed possession of the soil. Shall they, armed by their masters, be placed in the field to fight against us, or shall their labor be continually employed in re-producing the means for supporting the armies of rebellion?

The war into which this Government has been forced by rebellious traitors, is carried on for the purpose of re-possessing the property violently and treacherously seized upon by the enemies of the Government, and to re-establish the authority and laws of the United States in the places where it is opposed or overthrown by armed insurrection and rebellion. Its purpose is to recover and defend what is justly its own.

War, even between independent nations, is made to subdue the enemy, and all that belongs to that enemy, by occupying the hostile country, and exercising dominion over all the men and things within its territory.—This being true in respect to independent nations at war with each other, it follows that rebels are laboring by force of arms to overthrow a Government, justly bring upon themselves all the consequences of war, and provoke the destruction merited by the worst of crimes. That Government would be false to national trust, and would justly be held in ridicule of the civilized world, that would abstain from the use of any efficient means to preserve its own existence, or to overcome a rebellious and traitorous enemy, by sparing or protecting the property of those who are waging war against it.

The principal wealth and power of the Rebel States is a peculiar species of property, consisting of the service or labor of African slaves, of the descendants of Africans. This property has been variously estimated at the value of from $700,000,000 to $1,000,000,000.

Why should this property be exempt from the hazards and consequences of a rebellious war?

It was the boast of the leader of the rebellion, while he yet had a seat in the Senate of the United States, that the Southern States would be comparatively safe and powerful from the burdens of war, if it should be brought on by the contemplated rebellion, and that boast was accompanied by the savage threat that "Northern towns and cities would be sacked, and the victims of rapine and plunder spoil," and that "Northern men should smell Southern gunpowder and feel Southern steel." No one doubts the disposition of the rebels to carry that threat into execution.—The wealth of Northern towns and cities, the produce of Northern farms, Northern workshops and manufactories, would certainly be seized, destroyed, and appropriated as military spoil. No property in the rebel States would be spared from the hands of the rebels, and their rapine would be defended under the laws of war. While the loyal States thus have all their property and possessions at stake, are the insurgent rebels to carry on warfare against the Government in peace and security to their own property?

Reason and justice and self-preservation forbid that such should be the policy of this Government, but demand, on the contrary, that, being forced by traitors and rebels to the extremity of war, all the rights and powers of war should be exercised to bring it to a speedy end.

Those who make war against the Government justly forfeit all rights of property, privilege, or security, derived from the Constitution and laws, against which they are in armed rebellion; and as the labor and service of their slaves constitute the chief property of the rebels, such property should share the common fate of war to which they have devoted the property of loyal citizens.

While it is plain that the slave property of the South is justly subjected to all the consequences of this rebellious war, and that the Government would be untrue to its trust in not employing all the rights and powers of war to bring it to a speedy close, the details of the plan for doing so, like all other military measures, must, in a great degree, be left to be determined by particular exigencies. The disposition of other property belonging to the rebels that becomes subject to our arms, is governed by the circumstances of the case. The Government has no power to hold slaves, none to restrain a slave of his liberty, or to exact his service. It has a right, however, to use the voluntary service of slaves liberated by war from their rebel masters, like any other property of the rebels, in whatever mode may be most efficient for the defence of the Government, the pursecution of the war, and the suppression of the rebellion. It is as clearly a right of the Government to arm slaves when it may become necessary, as it is to use gunpowder taken from the enemy. Whether it is expedient to do so is purely a military question. The right is unquestionable by the laws of war. The expediency must be determined by circumstances, keeping in view the great object of overcoming the rebels, re-establishing the laws, and restoring peace to the nation.

It is vain and idle for the Government to carry on this war, or hope to maintain its existence against rebellious force, without employing all the rights and powers of war. As has been said, the right to deprive the rebels of their property in slaves and slave labor, is as clear and absolute as the right to take forage from the field, or provisions from the warehouse, or powder and arms from the magazine. To leave the enemy in the possession of such property as forage and cotton and military stores, and the means of constantly re-producing them, would be madness. It is, therefore, equal madness to leave them in peaceful and secure possession of slave property, more valuable and efficient to them for war, than forage, cotton, and military stores. Such policy would be national suicide. What to do with that species of property, is a question that time and circumstances will solve, and need not be anticipated further than to repeat that they cannot be held by the Government as slaves. It would be useless to keep them as prisoners of war; and self preservation, the highest duty of a Government, or of individuals, demands that they should be disposed of or employed in the most effective manner that will tend most speedily to suppress the insurrection and restore the authority of the Government. If it shall be found that the men who have been held by the rebels as slaves are willing to labor for and aid in performing efficient military service, it is the right, and may become the duty, of the Government to arm and equip them, and employ their services against the rebels, under proper military regulation, discipline, and command.

But in whatever manner they may be used by the Government, it is plain that, once liberated by the rebellious acts of their masters, they should never again be restored to bondage. By the master's treason and rebellion, he forfeits all right to the labor and service of his slave; and the slave of the rebellious master, by his service to the Government, becomes justly entitled to freedom and protection.

The disposition to be made of the slaves of rebels, after the close of the war, can be safely left to the wisdom and patriotism of Congress. The Representatives of the People will unquestionably secure to the loyal slaveholders every right to which they are entitled under the Constitution of the country.

SIMON CAMERON,
Secretary of War.

To the President.

The following is the Report as altered by the President:—

"It is already a grave question what shall be done with those slaves who are abandoned by their owners on the advance of our troops into the southern territory, as at Beaufort district, in South Carolina. The numbers left within our control at that point is very considerable, and similar cases will probably occur. What shall be done with them? Can we afford to send them forward to their masters, to be by them armed against us, or used in producing supplies to sustain the rebellion? Their labor may be useful to us. Withheld from the enemy, it lessens his military resources, and withholding them has no tendency to induce the horrors of insurrection even in rebel communities. They constitute a military resource, and being such, that they should not be turned over to the enemy is too plain to discuss. Why deprive him of supplies by a blockade and voluntarily give him men to produce supplies? The disposition to be made of the slaves of rebels after the close of the war can be safely left to the wisdom and patriotism of Congress. The Representatives of the people will unquestionably secure to the loyal slaveholders every right to which they are entitled under the Constitution of the country."

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

Whatever may be the purpose of Gen. McClellan, the army is busily preparing for itself comfortable winter quarters. Log cabins are going up in all directions along the lines in Virginia. The men are all busily employed upon these new habitations. The models are as various as are the tastes of the occupants. Many of the new buildings are diminutive in size, while others are equal to the requirements of a comfortable family residence of humble pretensions. A large proportion of them are built separate, while others are connected into a "block" or row, with a division pole between each "mess." The materials used are poles, averaging six inches in diameter, and when walled up they are finished with cornstalks, spruce boughs, or other suitable material, and covered with earth. The cracks between the poles in the walls are closed up with clay. Where large wood can be conveniently obtained, it is hewn or split into planks, and the walls are built of these.

Winter "quarters" for the cavalry horses are also being prepared, many of them very warm and quite dry and comfortable. The covering for the roof is usually similar to that for the men, and the sides are closed in with spruce boughs. These preparations are not to be received as positive evidence that the army will be wintered in the positions they now occupy. They are probably not the result of orders from headquarters, but are the evidences of industry, and a facility which a large portion of the men in the army have of accommodating themselves to their circumstances, and of turning every man to evidently capable of being the architect and builder of his own domicile.

FRAUDS.—Frauds of the most unblushing character, upon the Government, have just been ferreted out by the Federal officials at New York. The perpetrators are supposed to be persons connected with the Commissary Department at Washington, acting in collusion with individuals there. For example, the United States Marshal and his officers proceeded to a broker's office in New York, and found twenty-one tierces of bacon, eight barrels of beef, and two casks of shoulders, which they took possession of. These goods had been shipped by certain parties in Washington, to be sold in New York. The articles were identified as Government property, by Col. Eaton, though his marks upon the same had been nearly defaced. To further the ends of justice, the names of the parties concerned cannot yet be made public.

GEN. ROSECRANS has arrived at Wheeling, where he intends to establish his headquarters for the winter.

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CONGRESS.

SENATE.

On the 6th, Mr. J. C. Breckinridge was expelled as a traitor.—yeas 37, nays none.

Absent or not voting—Messrs. Baird, Bright, Johnson of Tennessee, Johnson of Missouri, Pearce, Polk, Powell, Saulsbury, and Willey.

Mr. Wilson called attention to a list of colored persons confined in prison in Washington, sent there by persons calling themselves Justices of the Peace. The report had been made by Detective Allen to the Provost-Marshal. Mr. Wilson introduced a resolution for their release.

Mr. Hale advocated the passage of the resolution. He remarked that we are now supporting the slaves of the rebels for them during the war. He thought this community the most corrupt from the Supreme Court down—or up—of any other in the country. The course of justice in this city was most extraordinary. He had occasion to go into the Magistrates' Courts in this district. In one case a colleague of his was arrested actually for stealing a railroad [laughter] at the instance of what evidently was a crazy man. He argued that it was the duty of Congress to look into the administration of justice in this district.

The condition of these prisoners is described by Detective Allen as horrible in the extreme—on a bare, cold, stone floor, they have had no change of clothing for months. A foreign visitor, interested in prisons, said he had not seen any prison to compare with it except in Austria! None of these fugitives had committed any offence—several were free men from the north—some were slaves of fugitive rebels.

The resolution was referred to the proper Committee.

On motion of Mr. Wilson, it was resolved that the laws now in force within the District of Columbia relating to the arrest of fugitives from service or labor, together with all other laws concerning persons of color within the District of Columbia, be referred to the Committee on the District of Columbia, and that the Committee be further instructed to consider the expediency of abolishing slavery in the District, with compensation to the loyal holders of slaves.

Mr. Wilkinson introduced a bill to abolish the distinction between the volunteers and regulars.

Mr. Saulsbury, of Delaware, offered a peace resolution, appointing commissioners to treat, &c., which was laid on the table, amid derisive laughter.

On motion of Mr. Sumner, it was resolved that the Secretary of War be requested to furnish to the Senate copies of any general orders in the Military Department of Missouri relating to fugitive slaves. He denounced the recent order of Gen. Halleck with great severity.

Mr. Hale submitted the following, which lies over:

Resolved, That the Committee on the Judiciary be instructed to inquire into the expediency and propriety of abolishing the present Supreme Court of the United States, and establishing instead thereof, another Supreme Court, in pursuance of the provisions of the Constitution, which, in the opinion of Congress, will meet the requirements of the Constitution.

Among the bills introduced were the following:

By Mr. Latham—A bill to establish a line of steam mail ships between San Francisco and Shanghai, touching at the Sandwich Islands and Japan; and a bill to authorize and facilitate mining operations in the states of California and Oregon, in the territory of the United States.

On the 9th, the disasters at Bull's Run, Edwards' Ferry, and in Missouri, were alluded to, and the subject laid over. Colonel Miles' drunkenness was also brought up.

Mr. Trumbull, of Ill., introduced his bill for confiscating the property and giving freedom to the slaves of rebels. It provides for the absolute and complete forfeiture *forever* to the United States, of every species of property, *real and personal*, and wheresoever situated within the United States, belonging to persons being the jurisdiction of the United States, or beyond the reach of civil process in the ordinary mode of judicial proceeding, in consequence of the present rebellion, who, during its existence, shall take up arms against the United States, or in any wise aid or abet the rebellion. This forfeiture to be enforced against property in the rebellious districts through the military power, and against property in other portions of the United States in which the judicial power is not obstructed by the rebellion, through the courts, and the proceeds of the property of each individual seized and forfeited, subject to the just claims of his loyal creditors, to be held for the benefit of loyal citizens, despoiled of their property by the rebellion, and to defray the expenses incurred in its suppression. The bill also forfeits the claims of all rebels, and those who give them aid and comfort, to the person they hold in slavery; declares the slaves thus forfeited free, and makes it the duty of the President to provide for the colonization of such of them as may be willing to go, in some tropical country, where they may have the protection of the Government, and secured in all the rights and privileges of freemen. The property belonging to *traitors*, or those giving them comfort, who may be convicted by the judicial tribunals, is to be forfeited on their conviction; that for life, and the personal property forever.—These are the main features of the bill I have introduced, accompanied with the details necessary to accomplish the objects dictated.

Mr. Trumbull believed there was no necessity of violating or transcending the Constitution. He believed the rebellion could be put down, the property of rebels confiscated, and their slaves freed, in a perfectly constitutional manner. His speech was a very able one. The Senate adjourned till Monday.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

On the 4th, Mr. Gurley (Rep., O.) gave notice of his intention to introduce a bill to confiscate all property belonging to persons in rebellion against the government of the United States, including persons recognized as slaves, who shall be made free men; to provide for their employment during the present war, their subsequent apprenticeship to loyal masters, and their final colonization.

Mr. Upton (Va.) introduced a bill for the restoration of Alexandria county to the District of Columbia.

On motion of Mr. Vallandigham (O.), a resolution was adopted, requesting the President to communicate to the House, if not incompatible with the public interests, copies of any communications addressed to the Executive by the governments of England, Spain and France, in regard to the armed intervention proposed by them in the affairs of Mexico, and any other information he may have to communicate.

Mr. Pendleton (Opp., O.) introduced a resolution, which was adopted, instructing the Committee on Military Affairs to report what change, if any, is necessary in the mode of payment of soldiers who are held as prisoners of war.

Mr. Cox (Opp., O.) introduced a resolution, which was referred to the Committee on the Judiciary, in favor of exchanging prisoners of war with the rebels.

Mr. Holman (Opp., Ind.) offered the following preamble and resolution, and moved the previous question on the adoption:—

Whereas, The House on the 22d day of July last, by an almost unanimous vote, adopted the following resolution, submitted to the House by the Hon. John J. Crittenden, of Kentucky, viz:

"Resolved by the House of Representatives of the Congress of the United States, That the present deplorable civil war has been forced upon the country by the disunionists of the southern states now in revolt against the constitutional government and in arms around the capital; that in this national emergency, Congress, banishing all feelings of mere passion or resentment, will only recollect its duty to the whole country; that this war is not waged upon our part in any spirit of conquest or subjugation, nor for the purpose of overthrowing or interfering with the rights or established institutions of the states, but to defend and maintain the supremacy of the Constitution and preserve the Union, with its dignity, equalities, and the rights of the several states unimpaired, and as soon as these objects are accomplished, the war ought to cease."

And whereas, since that time no event has occurred to change the feelings of the government: therefore,

Resolved, That the principles above expressed are solemnly reaffirmed by the House.

Mr. Holman demanded the previous question. Mr. Stevens (of Pa.) moved to lay on the table. Laid on the table by 71 yeas to 65 nays.

Mr. Lovejoy and Mr. Conway (Rep., Kan.) severally introduced propositions on questions of slavery, the consideration of which was postponed.

Mr. Hutchins asked leave to introduce a bill to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia.

Mr. Cox objected. Adjourned.

On the 9th, Mr. Gurley (Ohio) offered a resolution, which was adopted, requesting the Committee on the Judiciary to inquire if a telegraphic censorship of the press has been established in this city, and, if so, by whose authority, and by whom it is now controlled, and a report if such censorship has not been used to restrain wholesome political criticism and discussion, while its professed and laudable object has been to withhold from the enemy information in relation to the movements of the army.

Mr. Stevens (Pa.) submitted a series of resolutions, referring the various branches of the President's message to the appropriate standing committees. The part relating to the defences and fortification of the great lakes and harbors, were referred to a select committee of nine members.

Mr. Blair (Mo.) introduced a resolution, referring that portion of the message in relation to the colonization of slaves taken from armed rebels, to a select committee of seven members, which was adopted in Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union, but was afterwards rejected by the House.

Mr. Hickman (Pa.) introduced a bill proposing to repeal all laws requiring passes to persons of color going northward, to take immediate effect. Referred to the Committee for the District of Columbia.

Mr. Gurley (Ohio) introduced a bill providing for a Board of Commissioners, to revise and codify the general statutes of the United States. Referred to the Judiciary Committee.

The House then adjourned till Monday.

EMPLOYMENT OF FUGITIVES.—The Secretary of the Navy says upon this subject in his report:—

"In the coastwise and blockading duties of the navy it has been not unfrequent that fugitives from insurrectionary places have sought our ships for refuge and protection, and our naval commanders have applied to me for instruction as to the proper disposition which should be made of such refugees. If no answer has been that, if insurgents, they should be handed over to the custody of the government; but if, on the contrary, they were free from any voluntary participation in the acts of rebellion, and sought the aid and protection of our flag, then they should be cared for and employed in some useful manner, and might be enlisted to serve on our public vessels or in our navy-yards, receiving wages for their services. Many of them will not be furnished to all by the navy, they might be referred to the army, and no employment could be found for them in the public service they should be allowed to proceed freely and peacefully wherever they may seek a livelihood in any loyal portion of the country. This I have considered to be the whole required duty, in the premises, of our naval officers."

A BIT OF WAR ROMANCE.—A correspondent of the Clarksville Jeffersonian, writing from Columbus, Ky., says:—

"Quite a romantic little incident "developed" itself here yesterday. A skiff from Cairo, with a flag of truce, made a landing in front of Gen. Pillow's headquarters. It contained a young gentleman and a young lady. The young lady was a native of Jackson, Miss., and has been going to school at Columbus, Ohio. When the war commenced she found she could not get home, and has been waiting several months for an opportunity to run the blockade. Finally a gallant young Lincolnite, (who was probably an ardent young lover, also,) proffered his services to conduct her to this place. At Cairo he procured passes from Gen. Grant, and the couple started out, and soon made the trip down in four hours and a half. Gen. Pillow gave the young man a pass to return. The affair created some little excitement, and furnished the boys some food for conversation. The young man was the most looking Abolitionist I have seen for a long time.

AN EFFICIENT BLOCKADE AFTER ALL.—The following remarkable confession taken from the Confederate Memphis Appeal which we find in the Memphis Appeal of the 16th, is to the point:—

"Unfortunately the abilities and resources of the Hessian government of Lincoln have been overrated. It is now almost six months since a vessel entered the port of New Orleans from a distant country. The same remark will apply to Mobile and other ports of the gulf. Where a vessel with a cargo of merchandise has passed Lincoln's blockade, *twenty passed the blockade in the war of 1812.*"

THERE is no doubt about a simultaneous movement from Paducah, Cairo, and St. Louis, on Columbus and Memphis. It is believed that we have now 130,000 effective troops in Kentucky, 60,000 in Cairo, and about 75,000 in St. Louis, for this grand action. (Probably an exaggeration.)

ONE of the signs of the future is the order sent to the Charlestown Navy Yard to fit out the line-of-battle-ship Vermont. This is the beginning of a new phase of the war, it having been discovered that the naval operations require immediately the aid of all the largest war ships we can muster, and all the heaviest guns. This will soon give a new aspect to the coast war.

THE work on the new military bridge across the Potomac river is progressing with rapidity.

NEWS ITEMS.

A THRIFTY SQUIRREL.—Simeon Hastings, of Fairlee, caught a common red squirrel in a box trap, set in his corn field, which had carried into the chamber above, and stowed away for future use, twenty-four buckets full of ears of corn, in all measuring about eight bushels.

THE report concerning Col. Kerrigan and the sentence of death said to have been passed upon him by a court-martial turns out to be untrue. He has not yet been tried; and when he is tried, he can have had no such, though disgracing him, if true, will not be such as would call for the punishment of death.

EX-MINISTER FAULKNER, of Va., in Fort Warren has been granted a release on parole for thirty days, on condition that he goes to Richmond and secures the liberation of Congressman Ely. He then can remain. If he does not, he is to return to his prison.

THE CONTRABANDS.—There are now at Fort Monroe nearly three thousand contrabands, who have been set to work. Those who are employed as servants receive eight dollars a month, and those who build fortifications are paid ten dollars a month. Their wages are put into a common fund, out of which the aged and infirm are supported. At the present time the sum of two thousand dollars stands to the credit side of this fund. What will grow out of it?

CAUGHT AT LAST.—A naval officer was so unfortunate, a day or two since, while enjoying his dinner at Willard's hotel, as to announce what he was pleased to term "Abolition movements," and to add that "that Abolitionist Henry Wilson has had as easy of them." To his surprise, a gentleman who had been quietly dining at his side, said in firm tones:—"*Sir! I am Senator* Wilson, of Massachusetts, and I will suggest that you had perhaps better confine yourself to your duties, instead of indulging in such personal criticisms, which are in bad taste." The rebuked officer "shut pan," and soon left the table, to wait for the Senator in the hall, and humbly apologize for his remarks.—*Washington Corres. of Philada. Inquirer.*

THE statement made in Gen. Thomas's report, that the young men of Kentucky had in considerable numbers been misled to take part in the revolt, is borne out by this document, Gov. Wickliffe, one of the most thoroughpaced friends of the Union, has a son in the Confederate service. The Rev. Dr. Robt. J. Breckinridge, one of the most distinguished divines in the South, has a brother in the Union as any, has another. The editor of the Louisville Journal, Geo. D. Prentice, whose loyalty is unshaken, has another. In one county which gave a large majority for the Union, a hundred young men entered the rebel service.

A FIRM in New Haven are manufacturing a plate of solid steel, weighing about three and a half pounds, and capable of resisting a rifle shot at any point through, which can be neatly fitted inside of a military vest as not to be noticeable.

THE chaplain of the "Roundhead Regiment" of this state, now in service at Port Royal, recently made a speech to the men, in which he spoke of "this accursed state (S. C.) in which we worship God."

MAJOR PANGBORN brought with him from Port Royal, and left with the Secretary of the Navy, what is believed to be the original Ordinance of Secession of the state of South Carolina—a beautifully engrossed sheet of parchment, bearing the signatures of the members of the convention which passed it, and accompanied with the photographs of all the signers. This document was found carefully boxed in the house of Mr. Barnwell Rhett in Beaufort.

BILLS are being drawn up for presentation to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia, and one will pass in some form soon.

THE Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia Inquirer, while stating that there is a perfectly good understanding between Gen. McClellan and the Secretary of War, says that Gen. McClellan is far behind the popular sentiment in reference to slavery, and has been severely censured for the policy pursued by him towards slaves in certain instances.

THE Secretary of the Treasury has issued general regulations relative to the securing and disposing of property acquired from the rebels. Agents are to accompany the military and naval forces, and to take and send to market all the cotton and other products that shall be seized. They may employ slaves in preparing cotton, &c; they are to keep accounts of all property taken; the cotton is to be shipped to New York in government transports, sold, &c.

A LETTER recently received from Port Royal, says that Gen. Sherman, Quartermaster, on his own responsibility, has set forty cotton gins at work. The negroes receive three cents per pound for all the marketable cotton, and have gone into the business with enthusiasm.

THE VERMONT PERSONAL LIBERTY BILL.—The Vermont Personal Liberty Law was repealed by the Senate recently in session, after being referred to a learned committee to report upon the question of its constitutionality. The House refused to acquiesce.

A MOTLEY FOE.—The rebels have two full regiments of negroes in Louisiana, three or four regiments in Texas, and a full battalion of convicts, led on by one who has seen ten years' service in the Nashville penitentiary.—*Kentucky Paper.*

ONLY TWO STATES LEFT.—The national flag now floats over every slave-holding state except Alabama and Arkansas. In Virginia it floats over one-third of the state; in North Carolina, at Hatteras Inlet; in South Carolina, at Port Royal and a half-dozen neighboring islands; in Georgia, on Tybee Island; in Florida, at Key West, Santa Rosa Island, and other points; in Mississippi, at Ship Island; in Louisiana, at Chandeleur Island; in Texas, at Eagle Pass; in Tennessee, at Bristol, Elizabethtown, and other points in the eastern part of the state.

GEN. HALLECK has ordered the Union refugees in Missouri to be quartered upon avowed secessionists. The provost marshal is doing it in St. Louis. Some 600 refugees have already gone into Illinois, where they will endeavor to support their families until they can return to their homes. Large numbers continue to arrive and the road between St. Louis and Rolla is thronged with them.

IT it said that one thousand copies of Secretary Cameron's Report were mailed to distant cities for publication before the alterations were agreed upon between the Secretary and the President.

SECRETARY SEWARD has issued an order to Major General McClellan, relative to the arrest in the District of Columbia, of slaves escaping from Virginia. He directs that persons arresting these fugitives shall themselves be immediately arrested by the military authorities.

THE recommendation of the Secretary of the Navy for the construction of twenty additional iron-plated vessels of war, receives favorable attention and will probably pass both Houses of Congress, though there is a disposition in some quarters to reduce the number of steamers recommended one-half—that is, to ten.

"PARSON" BROWNLOW publishes a card denying the story that he had disappeared from Knoxville, Tenn., on a military expedition. He went on a collecting tour and has returned.—*Southern Paper.*

STRENGTH OF THE ARMY.

From the Report of the Secretary of War we take the following:—

The following statement presents the entire estimated strength of the army, both volunteers and regulars:—

STATES.	VOLUNTEERS. 3 Mos.	For War.	Aggr'e.
California,	—	4,088	4,088
Connecticut,	2,386	12,400	14,836
Delaware,	775	2,000	2,775
Illinois,	4,981	80,000	84,981
Indiana,	4,086	57,332	62,018
Iowa,	988	19,800	20,788
Kentucky,	—	13,000	13,000
Maine,	768	14,329	15,097
Maryland,	—	7,000	7,000
Massachusetts,	3,435	26,760	30,195
Michigan,	781	20,550	20,331
Minnesota,	—	4,160	4,160
Missouri,	9,356	22,130	31,486
New Hampshire,	779	9,800	10,579
New Jersey,	3,068	9,342	12,410
New York,	10,188	100,200	110,388
Ohio,	10,326	81,305	91,631
Pennsylvania,	19,104	94,760	113,959
Rhode Island,	1,285	5,898	7,183
Vermont,	780	8,000	8,780
Virginia,	779	12,000	12,779
Wisconsin,	792	14,153	14,945
Kansas,	—	5,000	5,000
Colorado,	—	1,000	1,000
Nebraska,	—	2,500	2,500
Nevada,	—	1,000	1,000
New Mexico,	—	1,000	1,000
District of Columbia,	3,893	1,000	3,893
Estimated strength of the regular army, including the new enlistments under act of Congress of July 29, 1861,	77,875	640,697	718,512
	—	20,334	—
Total,	—	660,971	—

The several arms of the service are estimated as follows:—

	Volun.	Reg.	Aggr'e.
Infantry,	557,208	11,175	568,383
Cavalry,	54,654	4,744	59,398
Artillery,	30,380	4,308	34,688
Rifles and Sharpshooters,	8,395	—	8,395
Engineers,	—	107	107
	640,637	20,334	660,971

The appropriations asked for the service of the next fiscal year are computed for a force of five hundred thousand men. They have been reduced to the lowest possible amount consistent with the public interests, and are based upon a strictly economical administration of the various branches of this Department.

An item of very heavy expense is the large mounted force which has been organized, equipped, and made available since the called session of Congress, and which was not computed for in the estimate. While an increase of cavalry was undoubtedly necessary, it has reached a numerical strength more than adequate to the wants of the service. As it can only be maintained at a great cost, measures will be taken for its gradual reduction.

Congress, during its extra session, authorized the army to be increased by the acceptance of a volunteer force of 500,000 men, and made an appropriation of five hundred millions of dollars for its support. A call for the troops was immediately made; but so numerous were the offers that it was found difficult to discriminate in the choice, where the patriotism of the people demanded that there should be no restriction upon enlistments. Every portion of the loyal states desired to swell the army, and every community was anxious that it should be represented in a cause that appealed to the noblest impulse of our people.

So thoroughly aroused was the national heart, that I have no doubt this force would have been swollen to a million, had not the Department felt compelled to restrict it, in the absence of authority from the representatives of the people to increase the limited number. It will be for Congress to decide whether the army shall be further augmented, with a view to a more speedy termination of the war, or whether it shall be confined to the strength already fixed by law. In the latter case, with the object of reducing the volunteer force to 500,000, I propose, with the consent of Congress, to consolidate such of the regiments as may from time to time fall below the regulation standard. The adoption of this measure will decrease the number of officers, and proportionately diminish the expenses of the war.

By reference to the records of the Revolution it will be seen that Massachusetts, with a population of 350,000, had at one time 36,000 troops in the field, or over one-sixth of her entire people—a force greatly exceeding the whole number of troops furnished by all the Southern states during that war. Should the present loyal States furnish troops in like proportion, which undoubtedly would be the case should any emergency demand it, the Government could rapidly put into the field an army of over three millions.

It gives me great satisfaction to refer to the creditable degree of discipline of our troops, most of whom were, but a short time since, engaged in the pursuits of peace. They are rapidly attaining an efficiency which cannot fail to bring success to our arms. Officers and men alike evince an earnest desire to accomplish themselves in every duty of the camp and field, and the various corps are animated by an emulation to excel each other in soldierly qualities.

IMPORTANT ARMY ORDERS.—By an army order, dated June 27th, Gen. Scott directs that all officers and enlisted men of the volunteer service, now prisoners in the hands of the enemy, or reported as missing in action, or that may hereafter be taken prisoners, or reported missing in action, paid, transferred to skeleton regiments, to be formed by the Governors of the respective states, and to consist entirely of such prisoners and missing officers and men. The vacancies thus occasioned in organized regiments will be filled by the Governors of the various states to which the regiments belong.

In time of actual field service, officers of cavalry, artillery, and infantry are permitted to wear the light blue overcoat prescribed for enlisted men of the mounted corps.

The uniform for chaplains of the army will be a plain black frock coat, with standing collar, and one row of nine black buttons, plain black pantaloons, black felt hat, or army forage cap, without ornament. On occasions of ceremony, a plain chapeau de bras may be worn.

Assistant Surgeon J. C. Herndon, of Virginia, has been dismissed by direction of the President, for desertion of his post. Also, Major Lynde, for a similar reason, and for subsequently surrendering his command to an inferior force of insurgents in New Mexico.

A DELEGATION of members of Congress, with Vice President Hamlin at their head, recently waited upon Gen. Cameron, and expressed their concurrence in his views relative to the slaves of rebels.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1577 head. The prices realized were from 6 to 8¾ cts ℔ lb. 60 Cows brought from $20 to 40 ℔ head. 3200 Sheep were sold at from 7 to 8c ℔ lb net. 1560 Hogs sold at from $5,00 to 5,25 ℔ cwt.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of H. DEXTER & CO., 113 Nassau St., N. Y.
ROSS & FOUSEY, No. 121 Nassau St. N. Y.
HENRY TAYLOR, 8vo. from Building, Baltimore.
A. WILLIAMS & CO., 100 Washington St., Boston.
HENRY MINER, Nos. 71 & 73 Fifth Street, Pittsburg.
JOHN P. HUNT, Masonic Hall, Pittsburg.
GEORGE N. LEWIS, 28 West 6th St., Cincinnati, O.
A. GUTHER, No. 95 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
JOHN R. WALSH, Chicago, Illinois.
GRAY & CRAWFORD, St. Louis, Mo.
McNALLY & CO., Chicago, Illinois.
Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

WAR ITEMS.—We have encouraging reports from the Army, of the efficacy of the Pain Killer. One writes: "My little bottle of Pain Killer was worth to me more than its weight in gold. The fatigue of our first week's march and exposure, which put so many of our noble fellows on the sick list, thanks to that little bottle, only left me stronger and harder than when I left home. It cured a comrade of the camp diarrhea in a few hours."

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—There is very little inquiry. Sales comprise some 7000 bbls at $5,37½@5,50 for superfine; $5,62½@5,75 for Western and Penna extra, and $5,75@6,85 for extra family, including 1000 bbls Ohio extra at the lower figure; 200 bbls sour Flour at $4,50@5; 150 bbls middlings at $4, and 180 bbls fine Flour at $4,75@5 ℔ bbl. The sales to the trade have been at $6,35 up to $7 ℔ bbl for fancy brands, as in quality. Rye Flour is scarce, and all offered, about 500 bbls, have been taken at $3,00@3 ℔ bbl, the former from the wharf. Corn Meal comes in slowly, and 700 bbls Brandywine sold, on terms kept private; Penna is scarce, and held at $3,87½, without sales. Sales of Feed Corn are reported at $14@16 for ship stuff, and $17@20 ℔ ton for middlings.

GRAIN—There is a good demand for Wheat, the week's sales reaching about 80,000 bus, in lots, at from $1,30 to $1,36 for common to good and prime Southern and Penna Reds, the latter about $1,38@1,40 for Southern do, and from $1,38 to $1,50 for common to good and choice White. Rye is also firm, and all offered, some 5000 bus, sold at 76@78c ℔ bu for Penna, and 70@72c for Southern. Corn comes in slowly, and prices are rather better, with sales of 25,000 bus, mostly old Yellow, to note, at 69@69½c, afloat, and 70c for White, in small lots, at 70@71c, and new Corn, which is dull at 50@56c for Yellow, and 50@53c for White, at to condition. Oats are in better supply, and rather dull, with sales of 40,000 bus during the week, at 39@40c for Southern, and 40@41c for Penna. Barley is scarce, and wanted at 75c.—White Beans have been taken to some extent, mostly at $2 ℔ bus.

PROVISIONS—The market for the hog product generally is unsettled and drooping. Mess Pork ranges at $13@13,50, and Mess Beef at $13@15 ℔ bbl, the latter for city packed. Bacon moves off slowly and prices favor the buyer, ranging at 6@6c for Hams, 5@5½c for Shoulders and 6@6¼c for Sides. 150,000 lbs of the latter sold to the Government, packed in tight casks, at the highest figure. Lard is dull and declining, coming to come forward, and prices are irregular and lower, with sales of Hams in pickle at 6@6½ cts, and Shoulders in salt at 5@5½c. Lard is firm with further sales of 700 tres prime western, part at 9c cash, and part private; kegs are worth 10½c. Butter is unchanged, packed selling at 8@9c, and roll at 13@16c. Cheese is firm at 7½@8½c, the latter for prime New York. Eggs are scarce and worth 19c ℔ doz.

COTTON—The market continues on the advance, and holders have put up their prices 2@3c ℔ ℔ since last week, with a light stock on sale to the present date, and but 300 bales have actually been taken in lots at from 27 to 30c, cash, the latter for good middlings, which are now held higher.

ASHES—There is a fair business doing in Pots and Pearls at full prices, and the former scarce.

BARK comes in slowly, and prices are well maintained and firm, with fair sales of 100 tons, 100 hhds Quercitron in lots on arrival, mostly fine ground 1st No 1 at 28½ ℔ ton. Tanners' Bark also meets with a steady demand at quotations.

BEESWAX is scarce, and good Yellow is worth 23@26c ℔ lb.

COAL—The market for Anthracite is firm and quite active, both for shipment and home use, with a light stock on hand for the season.

COFFEE—Sales of 1000 bags Laguayra at 18½ @20c, mostly at the latter rate for white Coffee, on time. About 1700 bags Rio have also been taken in lots at 19½@21c, on usual credit.

COPPER is dull but firm at quotations. Of Yellow Metal sales of 3000 sheets are reported at 20c, on time.

FEATHERS are very dull, and good Western are quoted at 37c@40c ℔ lb, as to lots.

FRUIT is firm, green Apples selling at $2,50@3,50, and dried at 3½@4c for Sliced Fruit; moves off as wanted at 4@6c for Apples, and 6@8c for unpared Peaches.

HAY is in steady demand, Timothy selling at 65c@75c ℔ 100 lbs.

HEMP is firm but quiet, with but little stock here out of the hands of the manufacturers.

HOPS are firmer, and selling rather more freely at 20@22c for Eastern and Western.

IRON—There is a moderate demand for Pig Metal, the difference in the views of buyers and sellers limiting operations to about 1500 tons Anthracite at $18, $19, and $20 for the three numbers, and 300 tons Scotch, on private terms, the views of buyers; 100 bu sold at $1,85; the sellers asking $2 ℔ ton. Bar Iron is scarce and wanted at a further improvement, but there is little or no stock here, and the manufacturers are buying elsewhere at an advance.

LUMBER is steady, with rather more doing than usual at this season, and a light stock on sale; 150,000 feet Yellow cap Boards sold at $14 ℔ M.

MOLASSES continues dull and neglected, and the only sales are by auction, including 128 pkgs Porto Rico at 30½@32c, and 50 do Cuba at 16½ @17c, 3and 6 months' credit.

PLASTER is scarce, and readily commands $2,25@2,33½ ℔ ton.

RICE is still held lower, and Carolina is quoted at 5½@6c ℔ lb, and but little selling.

SEEDS—There is a steady demand for Clover seed, and some 1200 bus Red sold at 4¾@5c for as in quality. A sale of 1100 bags recleaned seed was made for shipment at 8c ℔ lb. Timothy is wanted, but holders ask $2 ℔ bu, which is above the views of buyers; 100 bu sold at $1,81½. Flaxseed continues scarce, and sales are reported at $1,[illegible] ℔ bu. Calcutta Linseed has further advanced at the East.

SPIRITS—Brandy and Gin are firm, but quiet at quotations. N E Rum sells slowly at 30@32c. Whiskey is dull, bbls mostly at 22c, and hhds at 20@21c, the latter for prime Ohio, and Drudge at 19½@20c.

SUGARS are firm and on the advance, the want of stock and high views of holders limiting operations to a few small lots Cuba at 8@8½c, and 1200 boxes do at 7½@8¼c, for browns and yellows, mostly of the latter quality.

TALLOW is scarce, and generally held above the views of buyers. We quote city at 9¾@9½c, and country at 8½@8¾c ℔ lb.

TOBACCO—The stocks of both Leaf and Manufactured are very much reduced, and the sales mostly in a small way, at full rates.

WOOL—The market continues active and firm, with sales of domestic to some extent, mostly low grades, at 30@35c, and foreign at from 22c to 38c, net. The bulk of the sales were of the latter description, chiefly East India Wools.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, December 7, 1861.

Alabama	90 dis.	Missouri	25 dis.
Canada	1 dis.	Maine	1 dis.
Connecticut	1 dis.	New Brunswick	10 dis.
Delaware	1 dis.	New Hampshire	1 dis.
Dist. of Columbia	1 dis.	New Jersey	par to 1 dis.
Florida	10 dis.	New York City	par.
Georgia	90 dis.	New York State	par.
Illinois	5 to 70 dis.	North Carolina	10 dis.
Indiana	1 to 5 dis.	Nova Scotia	10 dis.
Iowa	2 dis.	Ohio	1 dis.
Kansas	—	Pennsylvania	par to 1 dis.
Kentucky	2 dis.	Rhode Island	1 dis.
Louisiana	20 dis.	South Carolina	50 dis.
Maine	1 dis.	Tennessee	90 dis.
Maryland	1 to 2 dis.	Texas	—
Massachusetts	1 dis.	Vermont	1 dis.
Michigan	1½ dis.	Virginia	10 dis.
Minnesota	—	Wisconsin	1 to 2½ dis.
Mississippi	—		

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 27th of Nov., 1861, by John G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. MICHAEL HUOT, to Miss MARY J. YOUNG, both of this city.

At Barnesville, Belmont county, Ohio, on the 14th ultimo, by the Rev. A. D. McCormick, JOHN McCOLLIN, of Philadelphia, to MATTIE, daughter of Thos. and Sarah Judkins, of the former place.

In this city, July 5, 1860, by the Rev. Abel C. Thomas, Mr. EBER C. SEAMEN, to Miss MARGARET WEINERT.

November 27th, by the Rev. A. W. Milby, Mr. RUDY STUDENAKER, of Ohio, to Miss SALLIE TALLY, of this city.

In Emsaynk, on the 3d instant, by the Rev. A. Culver, Mr. WILLIAM BLAIR, of Schuylkill Falls, to Miss MARY DOAK, of Manayunk.

On the 1st instant, at the Parsonage, in Swedesboro', N. J. by the Rev. G. R. Sackett, EMANUEL STRATTON, of the above place, to SALLIE STOKY, of Atlantic City, N. J.

In Philada. on Wednesday, Dec. 4th, at the West Spruce Street Church, by the Rev. W. P. Breed, assisted by Dr. W. S. Clark, Rev. Jas. B. Shane, of Elizabeth, N. J. to KATE W. daughter of the late Chas. Field, Esq. of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

At Pedricktown, Salem county, N. J. on Wednesday, Nov. 27, 1861, JOSEPHINE, infant daughter of Josephine and Alfred J. Lodge.

Suddenly, on Friday, Nov. 29, 1861, JOSEPHINE LODGE, wife of Alfred J. Lodge, in her 32d year.

On the 5th instant, SAMUEL DERRICKSON, in his 85th year.

On the 3d instant, ELIZABETH LAWSON, aged 82 years.

On the 3d instant, of typhoid fever, JAMES HENRY, Jr. in his 20th year.

On the 3d instant, ELIZABETH, widow of the late Thos. S. Manning, in her 63d year.

On the 3d instant, SARAH, wife of JOS. Yeager, aged 66 years.

Suddenly, on Monday morning, EDMUND GARRETSON, Esq. aged about 40 years.

On Monday, Dec. 2d, BELLE, daughter of E. D. and M. L. Wolfe, aged 17 years.

On the 2d instant, KETURAH, wife of Chas. L. Organ, in her 44th year.

On the 2d instant, MRS. ALICE BIRT, in her 73d year.

Suddenly, on the 1st instant, LYDIA, wife of Alfred Chapman, in her 54th year.

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL TIMES.

THIS IS A WEEKLY RELIGIOUS PAPER,

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The Lessons in the SUNDAY-SCHOOL TIMES is occupied with Narratives and other matter particularly interesting to young persons.—Teachers will find in it much that they will like to read to their classes—interesting matter prepared to their hands, and such as they cannot find elsewhere. For the instruction and reading of Bible-classes, and the older scholars generally, will be greatly benefitted by the perusal of this paper.

The SUNDAY-SCHOOL TIMES has every week a report of the choicest matter, selected from the Noon Prayer Meetings, which are so interesting to all classes of Christians.

Besides a large amount of general religious intelligence, the SUNDAY-SCHOOL TIMES contains all the most recent Sunday-school news. It reports all the important Conventions of Sunday-school teachers. It discusses the questions which most interest and perplex teachers and parents, respecting the various methods of religious training for the young, the means of gaining the attention and the affections of children, the locality of securing their conversion and bringing them to Christ. The subject of Mission Schools for cities, and of Sunday-school missionary work for the interior is thoroughly canvassed. Indeed, there is hardly a topic of practical importance to any who are interested in the subject of religious education which is not here brought under consideration from week to week.

The conductors of this paper endeavor to remember, that the great end of all Christian effort is *to bring men to Christ.* They aim, accordingly, to put into every number of the paper something which shall have for its direct object the conversion of souls.

Inducements to get Subscribers.

I. MUSIC BOOKS.—For one new subscriber with the cash ($1,) we will give as a premium,
4 copies of Bradbury's Golden Chain
Or, 4 copies of Shower of Pearls Bell, No. 1.
Or, 4 copies of Sabbath School Bell, No. 2.
Or, 3 copies of Day School Bell.
Or, 10 copies of Sabbath School Pearl.
When the books are to be sent by mail (any distance less than 3,000 miles,) 15 cents additional must be sent to prepay postage.

II. CLARK'S SCHOOL VISITOR.—For one new subscriber, with the cash ($1,) we will give Clark's School Visitor for one year. This is an excellent monthly periodical for Day schools price 50 cents ℔ year.

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Then use JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT. It cleanses the lungs from all irritating matters, while at the same time, it heals and invigorates them. Of all the remedies which have been offered the public for this fatal disease, none have stood the test of time and acquired such universal a popularity, as this Expectorant. Thousands who have been given up by their physicians as incurable, have been restored to perfect health by its use, and their testimony must carry conviction to all who read it.

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Then use JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT. Children are subject to no disease more sudden in its attacks, or, in the majority of cases, more fatal in its results than Croup. Parents, therefore, should keep at hand a remedy sure and thorough, such a remedy may be found in the Expectorant, and every careful mother will keep a supply by her.

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Palmer's
PATENT LEG & AR

Wit and Humor.

WHAT DOESTICKS' WIFE WANTED.

Doesticks is out in the New York Mercury upon the habit of merchants exposing their tempting wares at their doors and in their windows. He thinks it should be prohibited by law. He says:—

My wife (I've got a wife) and I start for a walk down Broadway to see the people and the sights. Of course, she wants everything she sees; and the consequences can only be computed. Yesterday I made a mental calculation how much my afternoon's walk would have cost me, supposing me to be a millionaire, and able (willing, I was, of course,) to indulge my wife in all her freaks and fancies. Here is a list of the few articles that were forced on her attention:—

1 carriage, that she "wished she had,"	$1,400 00
1 buggy, that she "thought she ought to have,"	270 00
1 piano, that "we certainly can't do without,"	375 00
1 harp, that "makes a parlor look so elegant,"	200 00
27 carpets, each one "a great deal prettier than ours,"	2,700 00
1 Newfoundland dog, "so lovely,"	50 00
400 new dresses, "such ducks"—average $50,	20,000 00
50 shawls, "such superb patterns," at $50,	2,500 00
3 sets china, "so exquisite," at $200,	600 00
1000 bonnets, "such loves," at $10,	10,000 00
70 sets parlor furniture, "just such as we ought to have," at $1000,	70,000 00
13 American flags, "so pretty for the parlor," at $10,	130 00
1 cravat,—"look very well for you, dear,"	75
1200 volumes books—"no gentleman's library should be without them," —at $1,	1,200 00
1 cashmere shawl—"such a magnificent thing,"	900 00
24 dozen pocket-handkerchiefs—"you know I must have them, dear," —at $25,	600 00
1 paper-knife, "very handy for you, dear,"	50
1 India-rubber doll, "for the baby,"	1 50
100 fine engravings, "so handsome for the parlors," at $5,	500 00
80 pairs new shoes, "so pretty and neat," at $3,	240 00
9 teams of horses, such as she had always prayed for," at $1000,	9,000 00
1 inkstand, "so much prettier than yours, dear,"	87
7 marble statues—"look superb in the parlors,"—at $4000,	28,000 00
1 penholder, "prettier than any you've got dear,"	14
	$148,858 76

Besides these trifles, there were also some further items, thus:

1 gun, "for the baby,"	$1 00
1 drum, " "	2 00
1 soldier hat, "for the baby,"	1 50
1 pound candy, " "	25
1 Zouave uniform, "for the baby,"	16 00
1 paper fire-crackers, "for the baby,"	10
1 sword, "for the baby,"	50
8 new dresses, "for the baby," at $4,	32 00
4 new pairs shoes, "for the baby," at $1,50,	6 00
2 pounds almonds, "for the baby," at 25c,	50
1 more gun, "prettier than the other," for baby,	2 00
1 other sword, "prettier than the other," for baby,	3 00
1 other soldier cap, "prettier than the other," for baby,	3 00
Various toys for baby,	12 75
	$80 10

You will observe that all this amounts to not far from a hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Now if these things hadn't been exposed to view—in fact obtruded on our view—my little wife, who is as economical as any woman of her size, never would have thought of wanting them, and I would never have been compelled to reflect on the humiliating fact that instead of having an income of fifty dollars an hour, I am only a poor devil, who thinks himself lucky to earn so much in a week.

Of course, I didn't buy all these things; but these fellows have no right to make me *want* to buy them. What right has a merchant to do such things, any more than any other man?

The doctor doesn't array his medicines in his window, and stand there, all dressed in his best, to invite people to come in and be physicked. The minister doesn't pile his most eloquent sermons up in sight of all the world, and then stand on his front step, arrayed in gown and band, howling at people to come in and be preached at. The soldier doesn't put up his sword and bayonet on the sidewalk, and standing guard over them, in the showiest of regimentals, with an affable smile on his face, urge the generous public to step up and be killed. And who is more respectable than these men, I'd like to know?

Now, I call on the law tinkers to fix up something that shall stop the merchants in their nefarious career, and make them keep their goods in the house. Am I to be led into temptation with impunity? And is my little wife to be led into the temptingest kind of temptation, every time she walks down Broadway, and be made to commit the horrible sin of coveting her neighbors' goods, to the peril of her jolly little soul?

Horrible thought! Suppose she, my wife aforesaid, should yield to this perpetual temptation, and steal something! Suppose she should fob a pair of gloves, or help herself to a bonnet, or take a dozen handkerchiefs, or pin a few dozen shawls to her crinoline, and try to make off with them! Suppose she should be caught at it; should be tried, convicted, and sent to prison! isn't the rascal shopkeeper in reality the guilty criminal? and hadn't he ought to be punished for the larceny? Who'll restore my poor suffering wife to her former place in society? Who'll—

But I forget; I am talking about a mere contingency. She is yet honest; but when I observe the longing looks she casts at a certain "love of a bonnet," that I can't afford to buy for her, I fear for the future.

"RIDIN' ON A RAILROAD KEER"—FARE PLAY.

The most veracious chroniclers of Chicago relate the experience of a young lady from the rural districts of Hoosierdom, who visited the Queen City of the West last week, accompanied by her peculiar swain, and took an appreciative view of the "elephant." Getting into one of the city cars for a ride, the maiden took a seat, while the lover planted himself on the platform. The graceful vehicle had sped but a few short blocks, when the beneficent young conductor insinuated himself into the popular chariot, for the purpose of collecting expenses. Approaching the rustic maiden, he said, affably:

"Your fare, miss."

The Hoosier rosebud allowed a delicate pink to manifest itself on her cheeks, and looked down in soft confusion. The justly-popular conductor was rather astonished at this, and ventured to remark once more:

"Your fare, miss."

This time the pink deepened to carnation, and the maiden fingered her parasol with pretty coquettishness. The conductor really didn't know what to make of this sort of thing, and began to look a little foolish; but as a small boy at the other end of the car began to show signs of a disposition to leave without paying for his ride, the official managed to say once more:

"Hem! miss, your fare."

In a moment those lovely violet eyes were looking up into his face, through an aurora of blushes, and the rosy lips exclaimed:

"Well, they dew say I'm good-looking at hum; but I don't see why you want to say it out so loud!"

It was not a peal of thunder that shook the car just then. Oh, no. It was something that commenced in a general passengerial titter, and culminating in such a shattering guffaw as Western lungs alone are capable of. In the midst of the cachinatory tempest, the "lovyer" came to the rescue of his Doxiana; and when the "pint of the hull thing" was explained to him, his mouth expanded to proportions that might have made Barnum's hippopotamus die of jealousy on the spot. The pair descended from the car amid a salvo of Mirth's artillery, and when last seen, were purchasing artificial sweetness at a candy-shop.

How Did He Do It.—The following wonderful story is related in the Courrier des Etatis Unis, by a Parisian correspondent:

The Emperor was reviewing a body of infantry one day, when his eye was caught by a drummer with only one arm, but who was, nevertheless, still playing.

"Where is your left arm?" said the Emperor.

"At Solferino, sire."

"You shall have a pension of four hundred francs from my private purse."

"And if I should leave the other on the same road, sire?"

"This," replied Napoleon, pointing to his own rosette of an officer of the Legion of Honor.

"The cross!" exclaimed the soldier; and, carried away by a transport of enthusiasm, the new Porsenna, with the remaining arm, drew his sabre, and at one vigorous blow cut it clean off!

Jonathan would just like to know how that thing was done.

Treating the Driver.—The Utica Observer is responsible for the following: "A good story comes to us from a neighboring village. Two or three Utica orators went out of town on a recent evening to speak at a people's meeting. To make the occasion inviting, an oyster supper was given to all who attended the meeting, both speakers and hearers. After the "fellow citizens" had eaten, the driver who had brought the speakers, was invited to partake. He did so; and one plate of oysters after another disappeared, until six platefuls of the bivalves had disappeared down his throat! The landlord waited on him until the driver had nearly concluded his extraordinary meal, and then left the dining-room in disgust. Appearing in the bar-room, he marched across the floor, and faced the crowd there gathered. "Boys," said he, "I meant to treat that driver well, I did! I was a driver once myself, and I like to treat drivers first rate; but I didn't bargain that his legs should be hollow!"

Connubial Itchings.—The N. Y. Journal of Commerce transfers from the sacred columns of a "religious newspaper" into its own worldly space, the following:—

"*A Wife Wanted.*—A Missionary's home is rent by the death of a beloved one. He needs a comforter, a counsellor, and a friend. The vanity of this world, and the things of it, put them all together, and they will not make a help-meet for man. They will not suit the nature of the soul, nor supply its needs, nor satisfy its just desires, nor run parallel with its never-failing duration. Therefore, it being not good for man to be alone, God created woman to be a help-meet for him. See Genesis i. 18; Prov. xvii. 22. The applicant must possess a healthy body, practical piety, domestic habits, *a competency*, and, if possible, a musical talent. Address "Missionary," at this office."

Fruit Planting.—A late number of the *Scientific American* furnishes the following curious fact, which will afford our fruit growers a valuable hint: "At Vienna, for some time past, fruit dealers have sold peaches, pears, apples, apricots, &c., ornamented with armorial bearings, designs, initials, names, &c. The impression of these things is effected in a very simple manner. A fine fruit is selected at the moment it is beginning to ripen, that is, to take a red color, and paper in which the designs are neatly cut out is affixed. After awhile the envelope is removed, and the part of the fruit which has been covered is brilliantly white. By this invention, the producers of fruit may realize large sums."

SAVED THIS TIME.

Angelina has been misbehaving herself, and the fragments on the floor show the result. Says her indignant mamma:—

"Isn't it too bad? and I can't spank her because she is going to have her photograph taken—and she must be taken smiling."

Agricultural.

FATTENING POULTRY.

At this season of the year, when much attention is given to the fattening of poultry, the following extracts from an English prize essay on the subject may be of value to persons engaged in the business. In regard to the recommendation of oatmeal as the principal food, it should be remembered that Indian corn is not common in England, and that what is found there, either unground or as meal, is seldom of the best quality. Its fattening tendency, when uninjured, for all animals, is undoubtedly great, though it is too solid a food to be fed in large quantities by itself, in all cases. Indian corn and oats, in equal parts, ground together, is found an excellent food for fattening poultry:—

The food usually selected for fattening poultry is oatmeal mixed either with milk or scalding water. Cooped fowls should be supplied with fresh food three times daily—namely at daybreak, or as soon after as possible, at midday and again at roosting time; as much as they can eat should be given on each occasion, but no more than can be devoured before the next meal; should any be left, it should be removed and given to the other fowls, as, if kept, it is apt to become sour, when the birds will not eat it freely. The troughs for the soft meat should be scalded out daily, which can only be done conveniently by having a supply of spare ones.

In addition to soft food, a supply of fresh water must be constantly present, and a little gravel must be given daily, otherwise the grinding action of the gizzard, which is necessary to the due digestion of the food, does not go on satisfactorily; the supply of a little green food will be found very advantageous to health; a little sliced cabbage, or some turnip tops, or green turf to peck occasionally, being all that is required.

A variation in the diet will be found very conducive to an increased appetite, and therefore the occasional substitution of a feed of boiled barley for the slaked oatmeal is desirable. Some feeders have a division in their trough, or, still better, a small extra trough, which always contains some grains for the fowls to peck at.

Should the birds be required very fat, some mutton suet or trimmings of the loins may be chopped up and scalded with the meal, or they may be boiled in milk or water, preparatory to its being poured over the food, and the fat of fowls so fatted be found to be exceedingly firm.

An objection to this mode of fattening will probably be made—namely, that it is expensive, owing to the cost of the oatmeal. In the yard of the writer this objection has been removed by the partial substitution of fine middlings for oatmeal. The plan adopted is to bake the middlings dry, and when made as hot as possible without burning, cold water is added so as to make the whole a crumbly mass. When it is borne in mind that the constituents of fine middlings are nearly the same as those of oatmeal, its value as fattening food must be admitted; and the writer, from long experience, can speak very decidedly as to its utility when used in conjunction with oatmeal.

In the course of about a fortnight to three weeks at the utmost, a fowl will have attained under this system of feeding the highest degree of fatness of which it is capable, and it must then be killed; for if the attempt be made to keep it longer in that state, it becomes diseased from an inflammatory action being established, which renders the flesh hard and even unwholesome.

When the fowls have arrived at a state fit for killing, they should be kept for twelve hours without food or water, in order that the intestines may be as empty as possible, otherwise the birds turn green and useless in a short time; this is readily managed by killing the birds before feeding time in the morning.

The writer has never found it requisite to have recourse to the unnatural practice of cramming.

Turkeys, if well fed, scarcely require any fattening process. Should however it be deemed requisite, they may be confined within a moderate range, and liberally supplied with meal and milk, with occasional green food. Barley meal is usually employed, but its inferiority to oatmeal has already been insisted upon.

Geese are also, if well kept, usually in sufficiently good condition for killing. Should it be required to fatten them, several together should be confined in a comfortable shed, kept very clean by the daily removal of the soiled litter, and they may be fed for a fortnight on oats thrown into a pan of water; and should they be required still fatter, an additional ten days' feeding on scalded meal of middlings and meal will be found all that is requisite; a little green food and gravel being given at the same time.

When geese are killed very young they are usually termed green geese, and for this purpose it will be found more desirable to restrict them from the water than to allow them free access to it, as they fatten more readily, and attain a larger size at their early age.

Ducks, from being not at all particular in their diet, require to be confined to clean food some days before they are killed. If they are shut up in a shed, or in a small enclosure, and liberally fed with whole oats in water, and meal slaked, they will be found in a fortnight to have become sufficiently fat for all useful purposes. It is not essential that they should have water to swim in during fattening—in fact, such exercise rather lessens than tends to increase the accumulation of fat.

THE SELECTION OF SEED.

Every farmer is pretty well satisfied that, as a general thing, "like produces like." Every farmer is also pretty well satisfied that the sowing of good seed is vastly more likely to produce a good crop than poor or defective seed; but every farmer does not use this knowledge in the best manner that he might. Few take any special pains to select and improve the seed of their crops. The different kinds of crops can be improved almost as much as cattle or horses can by breeding from the best sources. Thousands of instances can be cited in proof of this. One recently made public will, however, suffice to jog the elbow of our readers on this topic, and perhaps induce some of them to go and do likewise.

"A Mr. Hallett, of Brighton, in England, for twelve years past, has employed his time, judgment, and skill, to the increase of the wheat plant by careful selections of seed, and an improved mode of culture. In 1857, he selected two ears of a single variety, the largest he could find, and which contained 87 grains each. These he planted singly six inches apart each way, and from only one grain was produced ten ears, containing altogether 668 grains. These were all sown, and in 1859, one of these seeds produced seventeen ears, containing, in the aggregate, 1,190 grains. The seed of these grains were again planted in 1859, and in 1860, one of them, taken from the largest ear, gave a yield of 36 ears, which contained 2,145 grains. One of these seeds again, in 1861, produced 52 ears, yielding 3,640 grains. Besides this property of prolific increase of stalks and heads, it seems that during the several years of the experiment, the heads continued to increase in length, and in the number of grains which they produced. In 1857, the heads were but 4½ inches in length, and averaged but 47 grains to the ear; the second year, 1858, the heads were 6½ inches in length, and gave a yield of 79 grains to the ear; the third year, 1859, the finest ears were 7¾ inches in length, and gave a yield of 91 grains each; in 1860, the rain destroyed the greater part of the crop, so that no average was made; but in 1861, the present year, the finest ear was found to be 8¾ inches in length, and yielding 123 grains. This experiment so far, is strictly in accordance with the principles that prevail in both vegetable and animal life, where the selection of the strongest in points that are required for economic purposes, results in giving improved breeds, or families, or varieties."—*Maine Farmer.*

☞ An Irishman, on applying for relief, and being told to work for his living, replied, "If I had all the work in the world I couldn't do it."

PHYSICAL EDUCATION.

The importance of a larger amount of physical education, and of less time devoted to purely mental training, is well emphasized by Mr. Edwin Chadwick, in his papers contributed to the recent Blue Books on Education:—

Mr. Chadwick states that the present practice of long hours of teaching is a wide cause of enervation and predisposition to disease, and induces also habits of listlessness and dawdling. The half time system is found to give nearly, if not quite, as good education as the whole time, and common sense tells us that a boy who acquired the same amount of knowledge in half the time of another boy, must have obtained a proportionately superior habit of mental activity. It is this alertness, combined with the bodily aptitudes created by drill, that gives the comparatively stunted boys of the town a preference over the strong, robust lads from the coast. Good schoolmasters say that about three hours a day are as long as a bright, voluntary attention on the part of children can be secured, and that in that period may be taught as much as they can receive; all beyond the profitable limit is waste. Hence it is urged that part of the present long school hours be devoted to gymnastic exercises or drill, as part of the system of education, or that the half-time system be more adopted. Drill is very strongly recommended by many eminent men who give their testimony in these papers. It improves the health, the carriage, the manners, even the character; sharpens the attention, gives habits of obedience, promptness, regularity and self-restraint. "I should consider a youth of double value," says Mr. Whitworth, "who has had the training of the nature of drill; he attends to commands; he keeps everything he has to do with in a high state of cleanliness; defects are corrected and special qualifications brought out." "We find the drill men very superior," says Mr. Fairbairn. "They are constantly in readiness for the protection of the country," writes Lieut. Gen. Shaw Kennedy. "Men are frequently required," says Mr. R. Rawlinson, C. E., "to use their strength in concert, for which they must have confidence in one another. I have frequently seen trained men weed out unskilled men where heavy lifting has been required, because they dared not risk the danger arising from unskilled strength."

Jones and His Pups.—Jones, being a great lover of dogs, has a famous breeder, and the pups are in great demand among those who know and appreciate their quality. Jones has a great many friends, and whenever any of them visit him, his enthusiasm for dogs leads him to boast of the breed of his own. The result is, his friend makes him promise to save one of the pups for him when the next litter is produced. One day Mrs. Jones inquired in a quiet way:

"Jones, how many pups will that wonderful dog have?"

"Three or four, perhaps."

"Do you know how many of the next litter you have promised to your friends?"

"No."

"You have already promised thirty-five."

"Well," replied Jones, reddening slightly, and speaking with considerable vehemence, "a man that won't promise a friend a pup, is a mighty mean man!"

Useful Receipts.

Cure for Ear-Ache.—An exchange paper recommends the following as a certain cure for the ear-ache:—Take a small piece of cotton batting, or cotton wool, make a depression in the centre with the end of the finger, and fill it with as much ground pepper as will rest on a five cent piece, gather it into a ball and tie it up; dip the ball into sweet oil and insert it in the ear, covering the latter with cotton wool, and use a bandage or cap to retain it in its place. Almost instant relief will be experienced, and the application is so gentle that an infant will not be injured by it, but experience relief as well as adults.

How to Obtain the Genuine Flavor of Coffee.—Knighten's Foreign Life in Ceylon furnishes the following hints, derived from long experience, for preparing coffee. The aroma which resides in the essential oil of the coffeeberry is gradually dissipated after roasting, and of course still more so after being ground. In order to enjoy the full flavor in perfection, the berry should pass at once from the roasting pan to the mill, and thence to the coffee pot; and again, after being made, should be mixed, when at almost boiling heat, with hot milk. [We *guess* cream is better.—*Ed. Post.*] It must be very bad coffee, indeed, which, these precautions being followed, will not afford an agreeable and exhilarating drink.

CHOICE RECEIPTS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Mushrooms to Stew.—Cut off that part of the stem that grows under ground, wash them carefully and take the skin from the top. Put them in a stew-pan with some salt but no water. Stew them till tender and thicken with a table-spoonful of butter mixed with one of browned flour.

Some add a little lemon juice, pepper, a little cream, and serve them with sippets of bread. Cook with silver spoon to discover they are all good, which will show if spoon discolors.

Terrapins.—Put the terrapins in scalding water, rub off the skin, then put them on the fire in cold water, boiling them until the shell cracks; open them carefully, take out the gall and sand-bag; cut the remainder in small pieces; stew them about eight minutes, adding to *each* terrapin ¼ pound of butter, ½ gill of wine, cayenne pepper and salt to taste, and a little mace. Thicken with browned flour or cream. Chop up one or two hard-boiled eggs—and some beat up an egg as well—dish very hot.

The Riddler.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 33 letters.

My 3, 35, 6, 1, 3, 11, was heard or appointed of God.

My 4, 18, 14, 13, 33, is a book of the Bible.

My 5, 17, 10, 13, was an expert hunter spoken of in the Bible.

My 7, 30, 33, 32, 26, 29, is a mount mentioned in the Bible.

My 8, 12, 26, 15, 30, 10, 29, was the servant of the Lord.

My 9, 15, 26, 29, is an excellent woman spoken of in the Bible.

My 16, 19, 24, 1, is what all Christians do.

My 20, 1, 7, 30, 24, 23, 31, 33, is a river mentioned in the Bible.

My 33, 27, 18, 33, 29, 26, signifies God in His salvation.

My 25, 26, 7, 27, 8, 13, 17, 28, is a town in Palestine.

My 31, 10, 29, 13, 6, is a book in the Bible.

My whole is what all persons should do.

WILLIAM T. TOTTEN.

CHARADE.

Splendid enigma! how shall pencil dare
To paint you, without color, as you are?
Since, without color, to the eye you show
Roses and violets, and that gilded snow
Which, when the setting sun its light has given
On Alpine peaks, from earth points up to heaven.
Nature and art are robbed to make you fair,
The studios of the forest send their share.
Round are you as a ring, and white as Truth,
Carved as a column, as its marble smooth;
So fair! so frail! and yet to you belong
To check the violent and subdue the strong;
Brilliant as gems, you're yet demure and prim—
Guard 'gainst one foe, and yet embracing him;
You know the breach, but let him have his will,
Pause and reflect, and are more lovely still.
Your duty's obvious, but your beauty's won
By leaving duty always half undone.
Like the rich veil that o'er the modest bride
Enhances loveliness it feigns to hide.

Your first man made, but very early, and
Will made and use it while the world shall stand.
And even when earth consumed is, or decayed,
Apocolyptic triumphs need its aid.
Like man, it now is bad, now good, but who,
Like this, is sometimes good and wicked too?
It shares in feasts, but yet shuns not the gloom,
But haunts the mines, the cloister and the tomb.
The glowing light, the darkest midnight hour,
Need both its aid, both testify its power.
It held its thousand slaves, itself scarce free,
But may not long in any dungeon be.
The Scripture Virgins and the Grecian Sage
Both held it up to every after age.
And he who makes the stones of Venice prate,
Hangs it aloft in architectural state.

Your second walks through Dante's gloomiest hell,
And brings our summer's choicest joys as well.
The clouds dispense it to the thankful land,
And maidens bear it flirting in the hand.
In woods we seek it among opening flowers,
Or in the garden's creeper-covered bowers;
Or where the beetling cliff comes down to meet
On the smooth beach the water at its feet.
Form has it not, nor color, yet in vain
Without it would the artist task his brain;
Next blessing 'tis to light to mortals given,
Yet banished by the orthodox from heaven.

These are your first, and second, and your whole
Is like the body with its guardian soul.
The soul peeps out, but when 'tis wholly free,
The body's dull, the soul we cannot see.
We see you brilliant when we see not all,
Seeing the whole, the shrine becomes a pall.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There is a certain number, two thirds of which, if multiplied by one-third of the same number, will produce fifty. What is the number?

Enon, Lawrence Co., Pa. A. D. YOUNG.

☞ An answer is requested.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Which of the nine digits is of the greatest value, and why? A.

Enon, Lawrence Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A square hole being cut through the centre of a sphere, whose diameter is 20 inches, was found to consume exactly one-half of its solid contents. Required the size of the square hole?

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is a man writing a play-bill like a water-fowl? Ans.—Because he is a puffin (puffing.)

☞ Why is the letter A like a honeysuckle? Ans.—Because a B follows it.

☞ Why is the letter D like a sailor? Ans.—Because it follows the C.

☞ Why is the letter L in military like a man's nose? Ans.—Because it is between two I's (eyes).

☞ Why is the letter S like dining? Ans.—Because it comes before T.

☞ What parts of speech are shopkeepers most anxious to sell? Ans.—The Article.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—"Keep cool, keep cool; don't fire a gun till you can see the whites of their eyes." BIBLICAL ENIGMA—"A time to weep, a time to laugh, a time to mourn, and a time to dance." DOUBLE REBUS—Hoang Ho, in China. (Hawaii, Omen, Atlantic, Nerbuddah, Guardaful, Hesliopea, Ottawa.)

Answer to Progressive Question, by T. and H., in The Post of Oct. 12: The ball would move 98 miles. ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

☞ Lying and Stealing.—"Where did you get that turkey?" said a colonel to one of his amiable recruits, who came into camp the other day with a fine bird. "Stole it," was the laconic answer. "Ah," said the colonel, triumphantly, to a bystander, "you see my boys may steal, but they won't lie."